

Vol. XV

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1905

No. 29.

THE MIRROR

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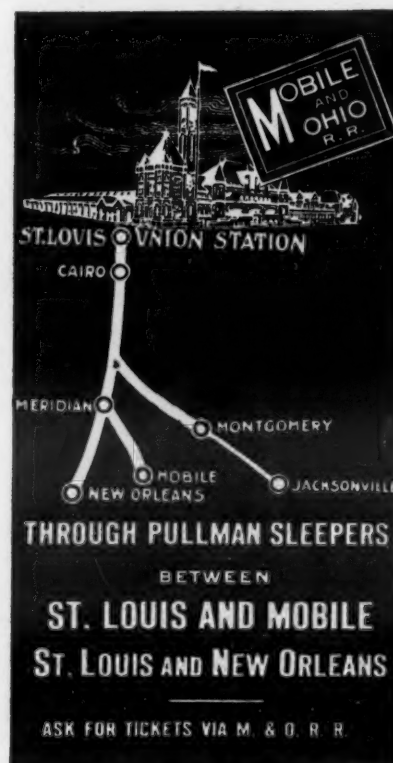
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Roosevelt's White Peace

By W. M. R.

ROOSEVELT made the peace at Portsmouth. He enabled Russia "to save her face." He helped Japan to back down with honors.

The diplomats at Portsmouth have maneuvered not unlike champion prize fighters who don't want to fight. The game was one of bluff on both sides. Roosevelt popped in and forced all the hands. But all the same, Japan is defrauded of the total results of her victory just as she was after thrashing China. The white world simply wouldn't have the humiliation of Russia carried too far by the bronze *banzai* men. That will come out later. White-man-dom rose up quietly but insurmountably against the efficient heathen. Great Britain will be found to have laid down on her ally. The Japanese have been blocked in the hour when they thought their bluff was strongest. Just wait and watch and see the story develop that the men of Nippon, by a subtle but strong combination of all Caucasian forces, have been compelled to forego the one thing they wanted—money with which to begin the organization of Asia, the driving out of the whites and a conquest of the West.

It's Roosevelt's peace. The white world may thank him for the outcome.

The Bond Investment Schemes

By W. M. R.

St. Louis, August 24th, 1905.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR:

In your copy of the MIRROR of August 24th, there was an article in regard to Bond Investment Companies. If the North American Investment Company is the one to which you referred and there is crookedness in it, I should like to know it, as I am a depositor in it. If such is the case will you not, through your columns of the MIRROR, expose it, as you did the People's United States Bank, so that the authorities will take it up and order an investigation before they get any more money of those who can ill afford to lose, as I am of that number.

AN ANXIOUS DEPOSITOR.

ALL the bond investment companies are operated on a plan of making it very easy for people to get in and very hard to get out. The North American Company operates on a big scale.

Recently it was reported that this company consolidated with the Colonial Company, and a Kentucky company, but now it is understood that the deal is off. The Colonial Company's operations have been questioned in the courts and lawyers have forced settlements on threats of prosecution. The North American has been interested in the Colonial, at least to the extent of trying to prevent exposure of the latter's methods, and it appears to have, through some of its officers, endeavored to send men who wanted to solicit patronage for North American bonds, to solicit for Colonial bonds. The North American Company officials have claimed that in the absorption of the Colonial, they were handed a "gold brick."

The bond investment business gets its profit on lapses and on the discounts of those investors who want to draw out before they make the agreed number of payments on each bond. They pay out slowly. Bond investment business is not asserted here and now to be crooked. It simply looks like a sure thing graft.

The poor investor puts in his money. When he wants to get it out he finds that the method of doing so is slow, and that he has to lose much in discounts. He is caught on "the surrender value." He is solicited to enter by agents who make all sorts of alluring representations, but he finds, when he signs up, the company doesn't offer the good things offered by the solicitors, and is not responsible for the representations of its agents.

Hundreds of investors have written the MIRROR setting forth this condition of affairs, and lawyers all over the town have tales to tell of clients who were deceived by agents, and who, facing the annoying and dilatory routine of getting out, have generally been ready to take anything they can get and be glad of it.

These companies operate under the State laws, which are admittedly loose and of small value as protection to depositors. Nearly all of them have taken

the precaution to get politicians of greater or less "pull," interested in the concerns, and they have also apparently secured lawyers who are strong political friends, and in some instances creators, of the judges of the courts in which depositors may sue.

These companies seldom have any experienced bankers associated with them. Legitimate bankers fight shy of these companies, but they take their deposits, all right and readily enough.

There are many companies operating here and elsewhere of varying apparent degrees of wolfishness. Some are worse than others in the devices they adopt to prevent any depositor getting his money back. They are all run on a liberal basis of expenditure for salaries and printed "dope" to catch "suckers." They are exceedingly generous in compensation to solicitors. They print their own magazines, in some instances, rent extensive and gorgeous offices, and have all the outer "flash" signs of the get-rich-quick graft. The main guys all ride in automobiles. They scare easily. When a paper taking their advertising gets careful about the wording, lest it commit the paper to approval of the scheme, they grow rattled. They run advertising that emphasizes a certainty of profit and no danger of loss—which are impossible to guarantee.

When the North American heard that complaints were being investigated as to the Colonial, the North American sent agents around to say that the Colonial was all right. It had been a little shy as to legitimate methods, but had reformed and changed the character of its bond offering. When the investigation began, the North American offered to buy a half interest in this paper, in order to prevent the exposure of any related scheme. It wouldn't buy the whole paper outright. It only wanted a half interest in order to protect the business of all the companies. It wouldn't interfere with any other policy of the paper. It didn't want to buy a paper at all. All it wanted was to buy the editor and keep him from printing anything, which might come up, against any investment scheme now running in this city.

This negotiation shows fear. Why fear, if there's nothing wrong? It shows that the North American was willing to put up to protect the Colonial and all other concerns that have been splurging around here. That the companies in this business are afraid on account of the character of their business, is shown by the fact that they settle most readily with lawyers who are in official position to start State and Federal machinery of justice to investigate the schemes.

The MIRROR is not in a position to say that any particular bond investment company is crooked or is not crooked. Their business shows the careful "framing-up," of good lawyers. It looks to be legalized to such a degree that its legality is only evidence that crookedness is skirted very closely through the high-priced, eminently respectable ingenuity of

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lawyers paid to find out how the laws may be evaded. It's suggestive of the dialogue thus:

BJANKS: Is Bjones a thoroughly honest man?

BJANKS: You bet he is.

BJANKS: Why are you so positive?

BJANKS: He's been tried for theft three times and acquitted each time.

These bond investment companies are so all-firedly legal, they have been so carefully steered among the shoals and breakers of laws that protect the innocent from the grafter, by such eminent lawyers with supposed political pull in court, that they are justifiably under suspicion. Some are more suspicious than others. All are the inventions of men without any particular warrant for their appeal to the confidence of the public. There's some trace of the fake about nearly every one, and when there are men of good reputation—not lawyers—identified with them, such men are usually, apologetically explanatory of their relationship to the game.

The business has not a good standing among men who have some knowledge of finance. Lawyers generally regard it as a questionable scheme. If "investors" like the game, they engage in it at their own risk. No sound business man will recommend his friends to invest in any such scheme. Any person solicited by one of these bond companies to come in, who will ask his banker, his lawyer, any legitimately successful friend about the proposition, will get for answer, "Don't." The scheme is one that does not give promise of working out squarely to all investors. The longer it runs, the more probable that most of the investors will lose, and that the profits, the use of the money invested and all, will go to the fellows into whose hands the investors entrust their money. It is a "saving" scheme designed, intentionally, or unintentionally, to enable a few fellows to get hold of the funds of saving people. And most of the men who have gotten up these companies are men who have not proved any right to be regarded as trustworthy repositories of "other people's money."

Reflections

Why Curzon Goes.

CURZON OF KEDELSTON goes out as Viceroy of India, and Kitchener of Khartoum, succeeds him. Significant, this. The Japanese victory is behind it. India has awakened. Civil predominance in the government of India is necessarily set aside for military administration. One hundred thousand Englishmen have ruled the Indian millions with ease. The ease is over. The lurking native hatred of Britain begins to burn forth. A strong man of arms is needed. The military must take precedence of the civil power in India and force must be made evident to the dusky dreamer of an Asia for the Asiatics. Kitchener incarnates the idea of fierce force. He means Khartoum and massacre. That the Indians can understand better than they can understand the Kitchener college at Khartoum. Curzon was a good administrator, but he has to go. His wife, who was Miss Leiter, is said to have involved him in trouble through a mistake in etiquette in assigning the Duchess of Connaught's place at the Durbar or some other festival, but this is mere tea-table gossip. The fact is that the strong arm must be made stronger in India, if the handful of British are not to be driven into the sea, to the cry of "Remember the Sepoys blown from the guns," and Kit-

chener is the man to deal with the natives, even as they were dealt with by Hastings and Clive.

❖ ❖

GOVERNOR FOLK should pardon the seven convicted boodlers, or at least let out the long-termers with the short-termers, whose time has been reduced by good behavior. The "boys" have been punished enough, in view of the fact that the bribers were not punished at all.

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Cleveland's Money

THE *Globe-Democrat* of last Saturday said:

President Diaz of Mexico is worth only one million dollars after a quarter century of office. The United States had one President who made more than twice that amount in one term of four years. But only one.

This refers patently to Grover Cleveland.

The innuendo is unmistakable.

But is the statement true?

Has Grover Cleveland \$2,000,000 now?

Did he ever have it?

Shouldn't the *Globe-Democrat* be fair to its ancient political foe?

❖ ❖

COL. DICK KERENS has started off around the world. He has also said that beer beat him for the Senatorship from Missouri. The Col. is mistaken. What beat him for the Senate was the fact that he was and is nothing but a money-mucker. Missouri isn't selling Senatorships—yet.

❖ ❖

M. V. T.

THE Mississippi Valley Trust Company has financed a \$15,000,000 railroad deal in Pennsylvania. St. Louis is to be the money center, as well as the geographical center, of the United States, and the Mississippi Valley Trust Company and some others already rank among the great financial institutions of the nation. The Mississippi Valley Trust Company was the first St. Louis financial concern to reach out after big business in the underwriting line, and its earlier ventures rather made the so-called "conservatives" here, who are really "old fogies," hold their breath, but they were so successful that the company became an immensely profitable concern and its officers known as moguls of the money world. In the very near future we shall see the St. Louis trust companies taking up financial operations of national scope hitherto considered impossible of completion outside of the big New York institutions.

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MAYOR WELLS has returned to the city. So has the boss, whose political control of Wells is responsible for the poor opinion the public has of Mr. Wells. But for his boss, Wells would have been elected by 14,000 instead of 1,400 majority.

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Love in St. Louis County

A ST. LOUIS county man, Adolph Kreis, has sued a St. Louis county girl, Miss Wilson, for damages for breach of promise to marry in the sum of a whole bunch of money. He claims a clergyman "cut him out" with the young lady, and at one time he threatened to lick the preacher, who had him bound over to keep the peace. St. Louis county is a great place. It is the home of Lewis' People's Bank. It was a grafter's paradise during the World's Fair. It was the seat of the race track rebellion suppressed by Gov. Folk. Life out there is strenuous, and young men are determined to "get the money." Mr. Kreis is a progressive young man. If he can't marry money or get in on the county graft he will convert his injured affections into cash, with the aid of the courts. Miss Wilson denies that she promised to marry Mr. Kreis,

but he thinks she did, and that's all a man needs in order to "realize" these days. If you have a good, roseate, opalescent pipe-dream, it is a fortune. Any lawyer will show you how to make capital of it, either in promoting a bank of imaginary resources, setting up games at which suckers pursue an imaginary chance to win, or suing a girl on an imaginary promise of her heart and hand—if you live in St. Louis county. Mr. Kreis is thoroughly up to date. We hope he will get the money. A man like Mr. Kreis needs the money. He hasn't anything else that a man needs in order to get along. Mr. Kreis is no chump. He's strong enough to work for his money, presumably, as he is strong enough to contemplate assault and battery upon the preacher who "cut him out," but he prefers to have Miss Wilson furnish the finances. He wants to be paid for love's labor at a high rate of compensation. He doesn't like the prospect of the preacher coming in for the "unearned increment" of the love-making and the present-making that he, Kreis, has been doing. The preacher says that if Miss Wilson's heart turned to him from Kreis he is not responsible. He can't help it if he's beautiful. Mr. Kreis thought to spoil the preacher's beauty for him, but the law intervened. Mr. Kreis having no way to spoil the preacher's beauty, seeks to spoil the young woman's bank account. All of which enlivens the days in St. Louis county. But Mr. Kreis isn't really so wise as a St. Louis county man should be. He doesn't go against Miss Wilson right. What he should do is apply for a receiver for Miss Wilson and then stand in with one of the county gang and divide the swag. It is remarkable that with the case of the Lewis bank before him, Mr. Kreis should have missed the opportunity to get his consolation and compensation through the approved methods prevalent in that neck of the woods. Or he might have lured her to a drop case game, or a spindle game, or the shell game at Creve Coeur Lake, and there induced her to bet her money. The county grafters would have gotten it all, and would have been willing to divide with Mr. Kreis after the push and the pull had their bit. Mr. Kreis is "a church worker." We don't know whether this means that he worked the church, but that's what "a church worker" often means in St. Louis county and elsewhere. And if a church worker, in whatever sense, can't work the lady for her heart and her hand, but must be cut out by a preacher, we fear it will be difficult for him to work her for her money, which she possesses, we are told, in goodly sums, in her own right. If Mr. Kreis is "right" with the gang in the county he may get the damages. It has been intimated that juries are fixed out there—at least for trial of cases against the race track syndicate which ruled the officials and paid some of them their salaries. The only trouble is that now that Mr. Kreis has made it known that Miss Wilson has money, he is in bad shape, even if he gets it. For a man whom a preacher can cut out with a girl already pre-empted by the said layman, certainly can't live in St. Louis county and hold on to the money against the designs of the St. Louis county grafter upon it and him. Once again, we hope Mr. Kreis will get Miss Wilson's money. We are sure we shall enjoy the spectacle of his frantic and fruitless efforts to get out of the county with it, the gang in hot pursuit. Nothing yet in the shape of money has "made a get away" from the county gang. And really, Miss Wilson doesn't need the money. She's too pretty—judging by her picture—to have any use for cash that is so necessary to Mr. Kreis, who is not pretty. If she loves the preacher, and she seems to say in interviews that she doesn't, she can't do better than rid herself of the money, for nothing

spoils a preacher's preaching like marrying money. Conceivably, if she ever promised to marry Kreis, she ought to feel so good over her change of mind as to be glad, to the amount for which he sues, to be rid of him, and what fun and revenge she'd have watching him and his money in the clutches of the county crowd! Yes, indeed, we hope again, and yet again, that Kreis will get the money. Then the gang will see that he gets whatever else may be coming to him. If the preacher should get the money by marrying the girl he might use it to fight the ring that owns the county and that would never do. If the Republican-race-track-sure-thing ring in the county were destroyed, Cella, Adler and Tilles might not be able to fix a jury to deliver a verdict against the *Post-Dispatch* for a sum in libel damages to compensate them for the shutting down of their graft by Governor Folk. Our hopes are all with Mr. Adolph Kreis in this case. Any man who sues a woman for breach of promise damages deserves the approval of all right thinkers. He puts woman on a level with man, where women want to be. He strikes boldly for the sanctity of contract. Therefore, the business interests must stand by him to a man. No matter how you look at this case, Mr. Kreis looms up as the person deserving of sympathy.

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MR. CONGER, late, later, latest, minister to China, to Brazil and to Mexico, is to run for Governor of Iowa. It's all fixed for him at home. "For a statesman of not very large pattern" Mr. Conger is doing quite well as a progressive office holder.

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LA FOLLETTE of Wisconsin, elected United States Senator, still holds on to the Governorship. La-Follette of Wisconsin "needs the money." But he makes a noise like a grafter. He is doing what a David Bennett Hill or other unreforming politician might do without being out of character. La Follette is losing caste.

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An Esteemed Contemporary.

"THE *Police Bulletin*" is a new publication now being issued from the Four Courts by order of the Board of Police Commissioners. It is a non-union concern, or what the Typographical Union calls a "rat shop." The printers have protested, but to no avail. It is said that only one printer was found on the police force, and he has been pressed into service to operate the plant. The editors of the *Bulletin*, are Chief of Police Kiely and Chief of Detectives Desmond. The former will do the heavy editorial work, while the latter will look after the local end, and such society items as the *Bulletin* may care to print. Meantime, the Union printers will make things as unpleasant for the *Bulletin* as possible, so long as it is issued from a "rat shop." Those who desire to receive a notice in the *Bulletin* can do so by burglarizing some building or committing any one of a number of crimes and misdemeanors. No charges will be made for such "write-ups," even when a Bertillon description and a photograph are thrown in. To a certain class of people, it ought to be a very interesting publication. Later, when the political leaven commences working, and the printers have organized a good fight on the shop, the Police Board may see its way clear to discontinue the plant until "the clouds roll by."

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"SEC" Pshaw, and Gov. Cummins of Iowa, are having a fine squabble in Iowa. Vice President Fairbanks and the Gifted Boy Beveridge have an armed armistice in Indiana. "Sec." Root is not

sure that "Sec." Cortelyou isn't after him with a secret knife. "Sec." Taft is better off, as a possibility, in the Philippines, than he would be at home. In the early books "Sec." Taft is still the favorite for the Republican Presidential sweepstakes.

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THEODORE is the *McGinty* of our roll of Presidents.

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Mirror and P-D.

THE daily papers eventually catch up with the MIRROR. Four weeks ago this paper announced that sub-Treasurer Akins would probably succeed Conger as Minister of Mexico. The dailies had the "news" last Thursday. The MIRROR started the Lewis bank exposure and the *Post-Dispatch* came in on the wind-up. The same is true of the fight on the gambling evil culminating in the closing of the race tracks. The same is true of the exposure of the bucket shops. The *Post-Dispatch* is a big paper, and it knows the news and great moral reforms when it sees either or both—in the MIRROR. The good work goes on, but the accomplishment of the work satisfies the MIRROR. The *Post-Dispatch* claims all the credit. But the people, the real people of this town, know where the credit belongs. The MIRROR doesn't care about the credit. What grieves us sore is to observe that Cols. Francis Reginald O'Neil and George Sardanapalus Johns of the *Post-Dispatch* should have such poor taste as to pat themselves on the back for things in which their paper was an important factor only in the way and sense that the base drum and the big fiddle are important in an orchestra, though we must commend them for keeping their eye constantly upon the leader.

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AN apology is forthcoming from preacher Palmore, who insulted the German women who don't like the lid. It may become necessary, shortly, to lift the lid off some history as to the early days of preacher Palmore.

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Ernest McGaffey's Letters of Lucifer.

LAST week, the "Letters of Lucifer" came to an end. They attracted a good deal of attention among MIRROR readers and caused no small amount of discussion. In answer to many requests to lift the veil of anonymity on their author, it is here made public that the "Letters of Lucifer" were written by Mr. Ernest McGaffey, of Chicago, who was the author of the remarkable sonnet-sequence "Sonnets to a Wife," which was also published in this paper. Mr. McGaffey is better known as a poet than as a prosaist, but to the few his work in the line of the essayist either in the interpretation of Nature or in criticism of life in its intimate and common phases is an unfailing delight. Mr. McGaffey is not only a writer of *belles lettres*: he is also a lawyer, a mighty huntsman, a good poker player, an orator of force and charm, a politician, a diplomat, for he was Mayor Carter Harrison's private secretary for two terms, a farmer of renown, a fiddler (not a violinist) and an all round genial thoroughbred American, who was born and spent his boyhood in St. Louis, and even now comes down here twice or thrice a year to put in a small vacation tramping about remembered spots with his never forgotten chums. Mr. McGaffey's literary work needs no praise. It is all the real stuff. There is no pretense about it. It is intensely human and it runs the full gamut of experience. His "Letters of Lucifer," ran in this paper for fourteen weeks, and they were a dominating feature of every one of a series of issues packed with immediately vital interest to the paper's clientele. Mr. McGaffey

is the best poet in the United States, and those who will read his "Poems of Rod and Gun," "Verses," "Ballads of the Town," "Cosmos," "Sonnets to a Wife" will agree that they present an output of astonishing range as to sympathy and mastery of poetical form, a marvelous rapport with nature, a fine, sturdy, uncompromising democracy that is asserted with such vehemence as to sound to our present compromised ears like anarchy and a spirit of unorthodoxly broad religion which marks him as a philosopher untrammelled of the jargon of the schools. Some day, possibly soon, we may be introduced to Mr. McGaffey's essay towards "the great American novel."

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"DUCKS don't swim when there's ice on the ponds," says a late gallant local leader. But ice does prevent positive putridity in dead ducks.

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ALREADY people are talking about what President Roosevelt shall do at the end of his term. How would it do to put him at the head of the Panama canal work? He'd make the dirt fly and get the job done in time to present the work completed to this generation.

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Poultry and Politics in Missouri.

THERE was a great outpouring of Missouri Statesmen at Sedalia last week. It was State Fair Week. Big squashes, fine stock of all kinds, and agricultural products galore were on exhibit. Strange to say, however, it was the chicken exhibit that caught the eyes of the Statesmen—pretty much all of them, save Governor Folk, who was over in New York talking to a Chautauqua Assembly about the growing impotency of riches, and something else about honesty being the best politics. Perhaps the Governor does not know it, but it is not impossible that he may miss the Presidential nomination, because of his lack of knowledge of poultry in Missouri. He doubtless considers this a matter of small concern just now. But if the cackling of geese saved Rome, why may not the poultry of Missouri enable Senator Stone and Wm. J. Bryan to withhold the Presidential nomination from Gov. Folk? They do not intend that he shall have the prize, if they can help it, and they are shifty men when it comes to rounding up delegates. It is said that Governor Folk does not know the difference between a Shanghai rooster and a Cochon-China pullet. This may be a campaign lie, but if it isn't, the Governor had better establish a poultry farm in one corner of the lawn surrounding the executive mansion. Phelps, Crittenden, Marmaduke, Morehouse, Francis, Stone, Stephens and Dockery all raised poultry at Jefferson City. Marmaduke introduced bantams and game fowls, but all the others accepted the mixed breeds so common at the State Capital. Being a farmer, Mr. Bryan can talk poultry as well as finance. Senator Stone formerly owned a farm, with a big mortgage on it, down in Vernon County. Tradition has it that the mortgage was lifted several years ago, but the Senator still considers himself quite a farmer, and according to reports, his opinion touching the various poultry exhibits at the State Fair was much sought after. Col. Bill Phelps asserts that Gum Shoe Bill is expert in hiding egg-shells. Some time ago Col. Ed. Butler stated that he had made arrangements to establish a goose farm on the Meramec river. Here is another pointer for Governor Folk. Col. Butler has never made much pretensions towards agricultural pursuits, but he is a politician to be feared in some localities, and as a goose promoter, he would add much to his prowess in fixing delegations. True, Col. Butler has said that he will support Governor Folk

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for the Presidential nomination. But it will be remembered that Col. Butler has a way of supporting men that puts them on the list of "also rans"; so it would not be good politics, however "honest politics" it might be, for Governor Folk to attach his political future to Col. Butler's coat tails and goose farm. The thing for Governor Folk to do is to pay some attention to the rural gatherings in Missouri, while his Presidential prospects are incubating in the East. Like Senator Stone and a dozen others who will never support him for the Presidency if they can help it, Governor Folk should eschew Chautauqua Assemblies for the present—as Senator Stone has done, after two speeches to the goody-goodies—and get next to the agricultural class. No doubt the Governor's speech before the New York Chautauqua interested that body very much—doubtless many of them regarded him as a modern Ajax when he said: "Political parties are beginning to learn that honesty is not only the best policy, but the best politics. I shall try to see to it that my party is never a cloak for villainy." Nobly said, but Chautauqua meetings don't nominate Presidential candidates, while those who attend State Fairs and County gatherings have a good deal to say in nominating conventions of both parties. It would have been better politics for Governor Folk to have "cut out" the New York gathering and put in a day or two at the State Fair. He would have met many political agriculturists there from Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arkansas and Texas, who could talk wisely about barnyard fowls with their mouths and politics in the sign language, all at the same time. In a few weeks the Texas State Fair, which is more of a political re-union than a fair, will be held. Even should Governor Folk attend, he would find himself unable to keep up his end of a poultry-raising conversation with Senator Stone, ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, Governor Jeff Davis of Arkansas, Col. J. G. Johnson of Kansas, Senator Bailey of Texas, or Perry Belmont, that horny-handed son of toil from New York, who comes all the way to Dallas to attend the Texas State Fair. Platitudes are all right with Chautauqua meetings, but they don't go with farmer-politicians and conventions. For a Missourian who hopes to reach the White House, it is better, at the incipency of his campaign, that he know what the Missouri hen can do in the way of competing with the packers' trust, than that he can interest an Eastern Chautauqua. Let not Governor Folk imagine that Senator Stone does not know all about the possibilities of the Missouri hen. The Senator can give the surplus egg output of the State last year as easily as the "rousing majority" of Callaway County. In a speech at a county fair or country picnic, the Senator can show the farmers' wives and daughters how their industry in raising chickens is going to save the State from the beef trust octopus. He has the figures to prove his words. He can talk this way to the farmers' wives and daughters, and later in the day talk politics to the farmers. It is plain that Governor Folk is missing much in Missouri and the Southwest that he may have ample occasion to regret later on. He has not improved his opportunities at home. He should have attended the State Fair and learned the difference between a long-legged Shanghai and a big plump Plymouth Rock. When he goes about over the Southwest asking for delegates to the National Convention, several hundred thousand farmers' wives and daughters may say they do not want such a man for President. Poultry is the politics of Missouri just now. Chauncey I. Filley discovered the Missouri hen as an issue, in the cam-

paign of 1894, before the Missouri mule appeared on the horizon. Then there's Tom Kinney, the best political poulterer of them all, who has long, in the Fourth and other wards, counted the political chickens before they were hatched and never failed. He could tell the vote of any ward or precinct within thirty the night before any election. The hen is mightier than the sword in Missouri.

THE theaters are open, and still one can't telephone to the theater for seats for the show, but must bother the telephone subscribers who are near the box-offices.

Woman's Worst of It

FIVE men die of yellow fever to one woman, say the doctors in the South. Here's once where the women have the better of the men. And yet. I don't know. There are probably two or three women's hearts wrung by the death of each man. Has woman really got the better of man in anything, barring the fact of being a woman and therefore better? There isn't a pain a woman knows that she can share. There isn't a hurt a man has in which a woman can't help him. The best a woman gets from life and from man is the worst of it. If this statement is wrong the editor of this paper is waiting to be shown how, why and wherein. There never was a man who would like to be a woman. There are millions of women who would like to be men, or, at least, say they would.

TEMPLE ISRAEL, a beautiful Jewish church structure at 28th and Pine streets, has been sold to the colored Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church for \$41,000. It cost \$175,000. That shows what is going on with the enlargement of the black heart of St. Louis. Property is depreciating in the center of the town, and residents are being driven by the rising black tide, to the newly built residence districts. Is the "black heart" being used to keep up rents? Do high rents help a town? The Million Club should look into this.

"Teddy"

A METICULOUS minded "Reader" writes reproving the editor of the MIRROR for referring to President Roosevelt as "Teddy." Some people are so nice they are nasty. "Teddy" is not irreverent. It is affectionate rather than otherwise. Indeed, the general use of the Christian diminutive name for the President is a testimony of a feeling of closeness in him to all the people. It is called out to him often as he bows in parades through city crowds and, while he has never said so, he seems to like to hear it. The man who enjoyed Dooley Dunne's assertion that his history of the Rough Riders should be called "Alone in Cuby" isn't likely to be miffed by a nickname utterly devoid of offensiveness. Apropos, this little tale: At the closing exercises of a Syracuse school, a little girl was asked: "Who is the head of our government?" "Mr. Roosevelt," she replied, promptly. "That is right," said the teacher, "but what is his official title?" "Teddy!" responded the little miss, proudly. Verily, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hath praise been perfected.

MR. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE admits that we have a real lid on us in St. Louis. He couldn't get a drink here on Sunday. If he had seen the right people, he could have branded his brain with such a jag as it behooves every Kansan to accumulate, when he gets away from home. Mr. White is not much of an investigator. He goes hunting for booze with a brass band. His exploit reminds one of the St. Louis

policemen who twenty years ago went out into the brush in full uniform, looking for the James boys. Each one of them could have been seen for two miles in any region in which the desperadoes might have hidden themselves.

Wait for Dave

WE hope the peace negotiations will not be adjourned until David R. Francis has had time to reach Portsmouth, N. H., and have himself photographed as a central figure with the Russian and Japanese peace plenipotentiaries and attaches on either side. Any big event that is enshrined in photographic record without "Our Dave" as the *piece de resistance* can't be a success. The conference waits on D. R. F. When he shall have arrived it will be noted that all will be smoother. President Roosevelt should do his best to prevent M. Witte, Baron Rosen, M. Takahira and Baron Kamura from breaking away before D. R. F. can get there with his camera face.

THE *Globe-Democrat* joins the New York *Sun* in its war upon the mechanical piano and the graphophones and gramophones. It is down on the prevalent music madness. This is queer, coming from an "organ" which itself sometimes emits sounds that are murder to a soul attuned to divine harmony.

Virtue and Sore Feet

CONSTABLE MIKE KINNEY, a brother of the redoubtable Tom Kinney, has to take care of the constituents in the Fourth and a few other wards, who get into difficulties with the police. Half a dozen of the Kinney retainers got into trouble the other night, and were arrested. The constable appeared before Judge Jefferson Stentor Pollard in their behalf the next morning in the Dayton street police court. One of prisoners, a tall dorky, attracted the judge's attention.

"Has this fellow ever been in trouble before?" he asked the constable.

"No, your Honor," replied Mike. "Of course, he has been arrested a number of times, but always honorably discharged."

Then, as the Court began to smile, he added, "You see, he has bad feet and can't get away like the rest of them." Constable Kinney is better than George Washington, to quote "Sec." of Agriculture Wilson. George couldn't tell a lie. Mike could but wouldn't.

JOHN MITCHELL, of the Miners' Union, is in bad business, if, as reported, he is moving towards another anthracite coal strike for the eight hour day. The people will not stand for another big coal strike. President Roosevelt is not likely to interfere again, as he did in the last one. His stand at Chicago, in the matter of the teamsters' strike indicates as much. John Mitchell stands very high in public estimation now. He will lose that standing, if he precipitates a strike that can have no more immediate effect than to raise the price of coal to millions of people who are neither miners nor operators.

Tariff Reform a la Roosevelt

THAT deficit continues to grow. It will be big enough to cause alarm by the time Congress meets. Then something must be done. Importation will have to be encouraged, in order to increase revenues. A tax on particular articles of necessity will be immediately felt. Stamp taxes on checks, deeds, notes, etc., would be visible. The party imposing such taxes would be swamped at the polls. The tariff must be revised. It must be lowered. It must come down to enable our manufacturers to sell here as cheaply as

they sell abroad, to enable them to compete with foreign manufacturers in this field. The President is a tariff reformer. Many people say he is too precipitate. But here we see him in another *role*, that of the man who sits back and lets time work for him, developing the deficit into the issue of tariff revision vs. domestic tax. He knows how the people will stand on that issue. They will stand with him to a man, outside the privileged, protected classes. At times the President is quite a Fabius. He is the man who is to put an end to the tariff fetishism, which even its high priest, McKinley, recanted and abjured shortly before Czolgosz' bullet laid him low. The President abandoned the extra session plan solely in order to let the natural laws of business work for his purposes like "the stars in their courses." Again the President finds himself doing work which the Democrats cannot but approve. He has a large following in his own party, too. And he takes all the rumble out of Gov. Cummins' thunder. The Roosevelt idea eclipses the Cummins idea. President Roosevelt has been suspected of desire to "kick a lung out of the tariff." But he turns out to know a better way, that is, to let the tariff or its events kill itself, to let the situation make the case against the tariff so plain that even the Senators and Congressmen, held in office by protected industries, cannot escape the logic of the emptying cash vaults at the National Treasury. The Roosevelt Democrats—a species invented or discovered by the MIRROR—are justified of their faith in Theodore by his present course.

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No brand of cigar has yet been named after Folk, which gives us great hopes of Joe's future.

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GOVERNOR FOLK appears to have tied up with the young man who always speaks of him as "the gelding" or as "Sheeney Joe." And the tie is being tightened by Scotch High-ball McLeod.

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Social Equality

BOOKER WASHINGTON denies that he took in or led out from dinner at Saratoga a white woman member of John Wanamaker's family. So the South has been superheated over something that didn't happen. The things that don't happen are always the most interesting news, and the most inspiring subjects for editorials, North as well as South. Booker Washington hasn't made the "bad break" of which he was accused. No one should be better pleased over this than the friends of the negro, for the negro must largely remain in the South, and anything that tends to madden the South on the subject of social equality must throw back the cause of negro advancement to economic independence. That is what the negro must strive for—economic independence. Only worth and work will win it. Social equality the negro will never attain to in the South. All the whites never will attain it there—or elsewhere. There isn't any social equality where one element doesn't want it. That's everywhere. There are always people who think they are social superiors. There are always people who are social equals of whites in any civilization in the world. There has never been a black civilization which could look down on the whites. A negro may be as good as a white man, or better, morally. But even that doesn't make such a negro the social equal of the white man. I believe there are two or three negro saints in the calendar of the just made perfect, but they never were social equals of any of the uncanonized, or even of the irretrievably damned. Social equality? Why, the greater number of us have not social equality with people who spell

dog with two g's, and use small i's in their letters. Have I any social equality with a get-rich-quick magnate who owns an automobile and "opens wine"? Certainly not. There is no social equality. All that is worth striving for is to be equal to one's self, one's best self. And the negro, with whatever deficiencies, can possibly be educated to a realization of this. When more people, white and black, grasp this idea, there won't be any problem of equality with others. If the negroes want to work the equality racket they'll have to wait until they capture Africa and set up a dominant African civilization and can rule over a few whites—which will never, never be.

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How shall we get a million people in St. Louis? By carefully concealing the fact that the *Republic* is published here.

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THE Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company made 38,000-000 pairs of shoes last year, and it has increased its capital by one million dollars. It has six factories, and 5,000 employees. Where do the shoes go? The Southwestern folk wear enough to make one imagine they are all centipedes. And the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company certainly goes ahead with a pace even more many footed than the shoe consuming habitants.

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Co-respondents.

THIS town is all torn up over the social sensation of Mr. Jack O'Connor's suit for divorce against his pretty wife, Cora. Jack is a great base-ball player, and the intimation is that Cora is a great high-ball player. But that isn't the point. This thing of bringing divorce suits, in which prominent co-respondents are hinted at, doesn't look right. If a certain person of this or that social or business status is to be named in a divorce proceeding, he should be named. But entering a suit and then insinuating the possible complication and implication of other parties, savors too much of the Howe and Hummel method of divorce practice, in New York. A divorce suit that looks like a threat to involve others, seems to come certainly near to robbery in the third degree. That newspapers should lend themselves to such insinuations in the news about the filing of a suit is extraordinary, and it can't possibly be due to sympathy with, and for the plaintiff ball player. The vivacious and dashing Cora may have been multitudinously waited upon by well known thises and thats, but such fact doesn't justify the publication of the entering of the suit, with an intimation that well-known men are to be dragged into it. There's a way to get salve for injuries such as the alienation of a wife's affection, but that way is not the attaching of hints of exposure of alienators to suits, in which no alienators are named. Suits which look like left-handed attempts to get damages indirectly from men who don't want to be named, have not been known here for some years. The courts must not be used for a "shake-down." That has been a juicy graft in Gotham, but it won't go here. In the case in point, the method of procedure as to entering suit, and publishing it, may not indicate the evil purpose it seems to indicate, but not less than evil itself, should the appearance of evil be avoided in the practice before the courts of this city.

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OUR St. Louis Republican City Committee is as badly split up as the Democratic City Committee. The Republicans have a chance to carry the city for every office to be filled at the next election, if they will get together. It is only the Kerensites who won't be pacified. If the local committee doesn't

harmonize pretty soon, the State Committee may have to come in, make a clean sweep and appoint a new body to rule the city. The same desperate remedy may be necessary to get rid of the race-track Jefferson Club domination of the Democratic City Committee.

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THE Sanitary Company is going out of business. It has given up trying olfactorily to sanitize the Tenth Ward Improvement Association, and will sell out to the city, if possible. 'Twill be cheaper for the city to buy than to try to operate the Chesley Island stench-farm.

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THE Mavor of Atlanta, Mr. Woodward, made the ablest argument against municipal ownership, at the Toledo meeting of the League of American Municipalities. And he was bilin' drunk. 'Nuff said.

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Stopping Auto-Racing.

AUTOMOBILE racing is being abandoned as too deadly a sport, under the impetus of the leading manufacturers like Col. Pope. The individual speed-eaters on the public roads are becoming fewer, too, under the realizing sense that they will eventually kill more of themselves than the common people. Automobiling is becoming more rational, and as it does so, it becomes more enjoyable. Also, as the deaths and disasters from mad scorching accidents decrease in number, the sales of machines will increase. The terrible accidents to Webb Jay and Earl Kiser, the accident to Oldfield in this city, and others have convinced the manufacturers that such things are not good for the business. No more people, probably, are killed in automobile accidents, than in horse vehicle accidents, but they have been more exploited, largely, because of the prominence of the persons involved in the former, but after all it is good sense and excellent business in the big Pope-Toledo builder to set the mark of his disapproval on the machine racing craze. That stopped, we shall have less "looney" speeding by private automobilists on the city streets and country roads.

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SENATOR KINNEY denies the soft impeachment that he is a politician. We believe him, for several reasons. No one has a string on him. He keeps his word when he gives it. He has no graft in gambling games. He doesn't exact a monthly contribution from men he gets places for. He isn't on any corporation pay-roll. Yes indeed, the Senator is not a politician.

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THE police have given the bucket shop gamblers sufficient warning to enable them to escape prosecution. They have notified the gamblers so that the gamblers can fix it so that no cases can be made against them. It's time for Chicago Chief Collins' methods to be put into operation. They consist of common sense and a sledge hammer.

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Pie

WHEN Mr. Akins leaves the sub-treasurership for the ambassadorship to Mexico, who will take his place in the Federal office and succeed him as Chairman of the State Central Committee? What has become of Col. Fred Blees, of Macon? The Republicans have never given that gentleman a chance. He's an able man, a tactful man, a harmonizer. Senator Warner should not overlook such a prominent and efficient Republican as Col. Blees. Soon the Republicans will wind their way to Washington to see how the President feels as to the filling of the offices here.

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They will not, this time, be alluded to as "the damnedest outfit" ever seen at the pie counter. They are now making up their minds as to whom they want in the offices, in which vacancies will occur. They should not overlook Col. Blees, who is a militarist, an educator, a good campaign contributor and especially popular with the ladies. Missouri should put her best foot forward at Washington now. Upon the pie distribution will depend whether Missouri shall or shall not remain in the Republican column. If the pie is properly distributed, the Democrats will have to fight with all their strength to regain control of the State. Men who represent something must be put to the front, and this doesn't mean that the secret committee of One Hundred organized in this city to run the Republican party shall pass upon appointments and nominations. It seems now that things are working in the direction of Mr. Edwards Whitaker, for National Committeeman and, eventually, the Senatorship. Mr. Niedringhaus may be considered by the President for a place in the Cabinet. He might be thought a good man to take a place such as the first cabinet position given Mr. Cortelyou, or something even better than that. Missouri will be on the map in the matter of offices, before long, or know the reason why she isn't.

A PROFESSOR at the Chicago University eatoviwz? ! () * : * ; ; This is important if untrue.

ARE not the bird cage, the bear pits, the other zoological features of Forest Park too far from the street car termini to be satisfactorily accessible to the public and the children who must walk? Automobiles and people with their own horses and rigs can see the zoo all right, but others can do so only after pedestrian feats of some rigor.

A GALLANT young party leader declares that he is out of local politics. Said the lady of the house to the cook: "Be sure to put plenty of nuts in the cake." Said the cook to the lady of the house: "I'll crack no more nuts to-day. My jaw hurts me already." What hurts the cook's jaw has spoiled the cake for the party.

To Loosen Your Kinks.

IF you like real intellectual gymnastics, brilliant epigrams, startling paradox, exotic and rococo juggling with argument, the reconciliation of preposterousities and absurdities with orthodoxy and conventionality, the book you must read is "Heretics," by Gilbert K. Chesterton (John Lane, New York). Kipling, says this author, is deficient in imperialism. Omar Khayyam is ascetic. Bernard Shaw is hopelessly commonplace. Whistler is—well just what the world has long thought Whistler isn't. And Chesterton proves it all and more, standing on his head, and standing the reader on his head. Chesterton is abnormally clever, and a whimsical master of topsyturveyism of logic. Of course he's not for folks with solid bone heads, but if you like writing that will unloosen the cortical kinks in your thinkery, Chesterton is the man your're after.

So beer bosses Missouri, according to Col. Dick Kerens. Oh yes: beer elected Folk. Beer defeated Sam Cook and Albert O. Allen. Beer defeated August A. Busch for the St. Louis City Council in that same election. Beer carried Missouri for Roosevelt. Beer elected Maj. Warner. Beer gave itself "the lid" on Sunday. Col. Kerens has bats in his belfry. The only thing that beer did politically in

this State was to elect Rolla Wells to the Mayoralty, and that happened as a subsequent proceeding which interested not Col. Kerens. He was knocked out and not yet resuscitated when the beer wards went for Rolla.

IS THERE a yellow peril? Well, Kajiware, the Jap who has a studio in the Burlington building in this city, took one of the chief prizes at the recent convention of photographers of the United States.

PEACE in sight for Russia and Japan, but no cessation of hostilities between the Taggarts. They haven't yet reached the irreducible minimum of drinks on either side.

Mr. E. G. Lewis Again

MR. E. G. LEWIS, of the late People's United States Bank is going to switch the stockholders of that institution to a daily newspaper for women, which, according to his prospectus, will eschew much of the news that women like to read. Mr. Lewis is to be congratulated upon his determination to become a legitimate publisher. London has a daily woman's paper, and there is one also in Paris. Besides, most American dailies are edited with an eye single to the enlistment of the feminine interest. But Mr. Lewis may be able to evolve something unique, and, at least, he will fill a need in his own scheme of life in producing a publication that may be an invaluable medium for the promotion of projects for his own profit, of which his brain is preternaturally fecund. John Law, of Mississippi Bubble fame, was the only financial phantasmagorist who approached E. G. Lewis in the scope of his designs to corral the cash of the earth, and even Law couldn't equal Lewis in copiousness of language in framing circulars reeking with altisonantic philanthropic flub-dub. Mr. Lewis is now posing as a martyr to the tyranny of the plutocrats over the mails, and he does it in a way to demonstrate that his daily woman's paper will be lusciously rich in editorials pleading the cause of the oppressed. Mr. Lewis is the champion of his class. Rather, he has no class. He is *sui generis*, as I remarked the other evening to Col. Jim Cronin, who replied, "You bet your life he's *generis*—with other people's money and *suey*! Say, he's the boss suer. Look at the way he sued to prevent the government stopping his game." Here's luck to Mr. Lewis, so long as his excruciatingly able lawyers can restrain that *verve*, that *abandon*, that *elan* with which he propels himself at times against some of the statutes for his case made and provided.

ROOSEVELT and Bartholdt—the peace twins!

THE rewards of literary effort are great and sudden and strange. Our own *Blue Jay* has a corn cure named after her. At that it's better than that it should be such a cigar as is usually named after one.

LAWRENCE HANLEY, the actor, is dead. He was a phenomenon in the world. It is doubtful if ever there was a worse actor than Larry, yet he had a tremendous popularity, due entirely to a something pathetic in him that appealed to everybody. He was the Booth of the 10-20-30 multitude.

AN emulsion of the essential juices of ordinary vegetables is heralded abroad as a specific cure for consumption. Great news for the vegetarians. Also a tremendous boost for the promotion of a vegetable trust. But the proof that vegetables will cure con-

sumption is as yet rather inconclusive, though, of course, as tuberculosis is not a vegetable disease, but a flesh development, in as far as the eating of vegetables prevents the eating of meat, to that extent, vegetable eating precludes the possibility of the assimilation of tuberculosis in man through carnivory.

PARK COMMISSIONER AULL, we read in the papers, is looking for a hippopotamus. He should look in the lake in Forest Park on a day when the water is very still and of high reflecting power.

HON. HINKY DINK McKENNA, of Chicago, is against municipal ownership. He believes a fellow should only own one ward, but that from zenith to nadir, and work it all ways between. There is much in that for the Hon. H. Dink. Now that he has spoken myunisipple ownership is doomed.

QUEER epidemic that of men marrying women to the number of thirty, fifty and seventy for purposes of robbery and murder. Women must be "easier" than some of us who have been turned down have been wont to imagine. And looking at the mugs of these specialists like Hoch and Wittkopf—oh, well, the women deserved what they got.

AT the rate clubs are being incorporated in St. Louis it won't be long until every janitor and stable boy will be in the newspaper category of "well known clubmen." Such a wholesale evasion of the Sunday law as we shall soon see was never witnessed elsewhere. Such evasion will be immoral. It will be a compromise with sin. It will make law ridiculous. The Sunday booze club should be shut down. It will cover up more evil in one dump than could flourish in five hundred open saloons.

THE worst pun you ever heard? This: Venezuela needs a dose of Castro oil. It was written by Joseph Spiegelhalter, LL. D., and Mus. Doc. for the St. Louis *Squib*, and in honor of the *jeu d'esprit* it is understood that the new brand of bottled beer to be put on the market by Otto Stifel will be known as the Spiegelhalter.

CONGRESSMAN BARTHOLDT, of St. Louis, is the focal personality of the Interparliamentary Peace Conference, at Brussels. As the representative in Congress of the greatest brewery district in the world, Mr. Bartholdt is a striking illustration of the influence of beer for peace. Mr. Bartholdt used to be a newspaper editor. His present prominence as an international character, shows that the editor can reform, and that the world is gladly willing to forgive a man such a past.

Who hit R Ila? And where? And why?

Sez He Kin, But Kinney?

THE St. Louis *World*, of Tuesday, contained an abject apology to Ed. Butler, by the former President of the Jefferson Club for putting Butler's friends out of the City Committee last spring. The chivalric young leader says he had to do it, and couldn't help it. He blames it either upon Folk or Kinney, and "sucks in with" Butler whom he and the *Republic* denounce as wholly sinful. He and Butler are together now to put something through the *Municipal Assembly*. What is it? What's in it? Is this "corporation law?" He says he can put it over. "He sez he kin, but Kinney?"

The Romance of Tristan and Iseult

Drawn From the Best French Sources and Re-Told by J. Bedier: Translated Into
English by Hilaire Belloc

II.

OGRIN THE HERMIT.

AFTER three days it happened that Tristan, in following a wounded deer far out into the wood, was caught by night-fall, and took to thinking thus under the dark wood alone:

"It was not fear that moved the King . . . he had my sword and I slept . . . and had he wished to slay, why did he leave me his own blade? . . . O, my father, my father, I know you now. There was pardon in your heart, and tenderness and pity . . . yet how was that, for who could forgive in this matter without shame . . . ? It was not pardon, it was undersanding; the faggot and the chantry leap and the leper ambush have shown him God upon our side. Also I think he remembered the boy who long ago harped at his feet, and my land of Lyonesse which I left for him; the Morholt's spear and blood shed in his honor. He remembered how I made no avowal, but claimed a trial at arms, and the high nature of his heart has made him understand what men around him cannot; never can he know of the spell, yet he doubts and hopes and knows I have told no lie, and would have me prove my cause. O, but to win at arms by God's aid for him, and to enter his peace and to put on mail for him again . . . but then he must take her back, and I must yield her . . . it would have been much better had he killed me in my sleep. For till now I was hunted and I could hate and forget; he had thrown Iseult to the lepers, she was no more his, but mine; and now by his compassion he has wakened my heart and regained the Queen. For Queen she was at his side, but in this wood she lives a slave, and I waste her youth; and for rooms all hung with silk she has this savage place, and a hut for her splendid walls, and I am the cause that she treads this ugly road. So now I cry to God the Lord, who is King of the world, and beg Him to give me strength to yield back Iseult to King Mark; for she is indeed his wife, wed according to the laws of Rome before all the barony of his land."

And as he thought thus, he leant upon his bow, and all through the night considered his sorrow.

Within the hollow of thorns that was their resting-place Iseult the Fair awaited Tristan's return. The golden ring that King Mark had slipped there glistened on her finger in the moonlight, and she thought:

"He that put on this ring is not the man who threw me to his lepers in his wrath; he is rather that compassionate lord who, from the day I touched his shore, receive me and protected. And he loved Tristan once, but I came, and see what I have done! He should have lived in the King's palace; he should have ridden through King's and baron's fees, finding adventure; but through me he has forgotten his knighthood, and is hunted and exiled from the court leading a random life. . . ."

Just then she heard the feet of Tristan coming over the dead leaves and twigs. She came to meet him, as was her wont, to relieve him of his arms, and she took from him his bow, Failnaught, and his arrows, and she unbuckled his sword-straps. And, "Friend," said he, "it is the King's sword. It should have slain, but it spared us."

Iseult took the sword, and kissed the hilt of gold, and Tristan saw her weeping.

"Friend," said he, "if I could make my peace with the King; if he would allow me to sustain in arms that neither by act nor word have I loved you with a wrongful love, any knight from the Marshes of Ely right away to Dureaume that would gainsay me, would find me armed in the ring. Then if the King would keep you and drive me out, I would cross the Lowlands or to Brittany with Gorvenal alone. But wherever I went and always, Queen, I should be yours; nor would I have spoken thus, Iseult, but for the wretchedness you bear so long for my sake in this desert land."

"Tristan," she said, "there is the hermit Ogrin. Let us return to him, and cry mercy to the King of Heaven."

They awakened Gorvenal; Iseult mounted the steed, and Tristan led it by the bridle, and all night long they went for the last time through the woods of their love, and they did not speak a word. By morning they came to the Hermitage, where Ogrin read at the threshold, and seeing them, called them tenderly:

"Friends," he cried, "see how Love drives you still to further wretchedness. Will you not do penance at last for your madness?"

"Lord Ogrin," said Tristan, "hear us. Help us to offer peace to the King, and I will yield him the Queen, and will myself go far away into Brittany or the Lowlands, and if some day the King suffer me, I will return and serve as I should."

And at the hermit's feet Iseult said in her turn:

"Nor will I live longer so, for though I will not say one word of penance for my love, which is there and remains forever, yet from now on I will be separate from him."

Then the Hermit wept and praised God and cried: "High King, I praise Thy Name, for that Thou hast let me live so long as to give aid to these!"

And he gave them wise counsel, and took ink, and wrote a little writ offering the King what Tristan said.

That night Tristan took the road. Once more he saw the marble well and the tall pine-tree, and he came beneath the window where the King slept, and called him gently,—and Mark awoke and whispered:

"Who are you that call me in the night at such an hour?"

"Lord, I am Tristan: I bring you a writ, and lay it here."

Then the King cried: "Nephew! Nephew! for God's sake wait awhile," but Tristan had fled and joined his squire, and mounted rapidly. Gorvenal said to him:

"O, Tristan, you are mad to have come. Fly hard with me by the nearest road."

So they came back to the Hermitage, and there they found Ogrin at prayer, but Iseult weeping silently.

III.

THE FORD.

Mark had awakened his chaplain and had given him the writ to read; the chaplain broke the seal, saluted in Tristan's name, and then, when he had cunningly made out the written words, told him what Tristan offered; and Mark heard without saying a word, but his heart was glad, for he still loved the Queen.

He summoned by name the choicest of his barons

age, and when they were all assembled they were silent and the King spoke:

"My lords, here is a writ, just sent me. I am your King and you my lieges. Hear what is offered me, and then counsel me, for you owe me counsel."

The chaplain rose, unfolded the writ, and said, upstanding:

"My lords, it is Tristan that first sends love and homage to the King and all his barony, and he adds, 'O King, when I slew the dragon and conquered the King of Ireland's daughter it was to me they gave her. I was to ward her at will and I yielded her to you. Yet hardly had you wed her when felons made you accept their lies, and in your anger, fair uncle, my lord, you would have had us burnt without trial. But God took compassion on us; we prayed him and he saved the Queen, as justice was: and me also—though I leapt from a high rock, I was saved by the power of God. And since then what have I done blameworthy? The Queen was thrown to the lepers; I came to her succour and bore her away. Could I have done less for a woman, who all but died innocent through me? I fled through the woods. Nor could I have come down into the vale and yielded her, for there was a ban to take us dead or alive. But now, as then, I am ready, my lord, to sustain in arms against all comers that never had the Queen for me, nor I for her, a love dishonorable to you. Publish the lists, and if I cannot prove my right in arms, burn me before your men. But if I conquer, and you take back Iseult, no baron of yours will serve you as will I; and if you will not have me, I will offer myself to the King of Galloway, or to him of the Lowlands, and you will hear of me never again. Take counsel, King, for if you will make no terms I will take back Iseult to Ireland, and she shall be Queen in her own land.'"

When the barons of Cornwall heard how Tristan offered battle, they said to the King:

"Sire, take back the Queen. They were madmen that belied her to you. But as for Tristan, let him go and war it in Galloway, or in the Lowlands. Bid him bring back Iseult on such a day and that soon."

Then the King called thrice clearly:

"Will any man rise in accusation against Tristan?"

And as none replied, he said to his chaplain:

"Write me a writ in haste. You have heard what you shall write. Iseult has suffered enough in her youth. And let the writ be hung upon the arm of the Red Cross before evening. Write speedily."

Towards midnight Tristan crossed the Heath of Sand, and found the writ, and bore it sealed to Ogrin; and the Hermit read the letter; 'How Mark consented by the counsel of his barons to take back Iseult, but not to keep Tristan for his liege. Rather let him cross the sea, when, on the third day hence, at the Ford of Chances, he had given back the Queen into King Mark's hands.' Then Tristan said to the Queen:

"O, my God! I must lose you, friend! But it must be, since I can thus spare you what you suffer for my sake. But when we part for ever I will give you a pledge of mine to keep, and from whatever unknown land I reach I will send some messenger, and he will bring back word of you, and at your call I will come from far away."

Iseult said, sighing:

"Tristan, leave me your dog, Toothhold, and every time I see him I will remember you, and will be less sad. And, friend, I have here a ring of green jasper. Take it for the love of me, and put it on your finger; then if anyone come saying he is from you, I will not trust him at all till he show me this ring, but once I have seen it, there is no power or royal ban that can prevent me from doing what you bid—wisdom or folly."

"Friend," he said, "here give I you Toothhold."

"Friend," she replied, "take you this ring in reward."

And they kissed each other on the lips.

Now Ogrin, having left the lovers in the hermitage, hobbled upon his crutch to the place called The Mount, and he bought ermine there and fur and cloth of silk and purple and scarlet, and a palfrey harnessed in gold that went softly, and the folk laughed to see him spending upon these the small moneys he had amassed so long; but the old man put the rich stuffs upon the palfrey and came back to Iseult.

And "Queen," said he, "take these gifts of mine that you may seem the finer on the day when you come to the Ford."

Meanwhile the King had cried through Cornwall the news that on the third day he would make his peace with the Queen at the Ford, and knights and ladies came in a crowd to the gathering, for all loved the Queen and would see her, save the three felons that yet survived.

On the day chosen for the meeting, the field shone far with the rich tents of the Barons, and suddenly Tristan and Iseult came out at the forest's edge, and caught sight of King Mark far off among his barony:

"Friend," said Tristan, "there is the King, your lord—his knights and his men; they are coming towards us, and very soon we may not speak to each other again. By the God of Power I conjure you, if ever I send you a word, do you my bidding."

"Friend," said Iseult, "on the day that I see the ring, nor tower, nor wall, nor stronghold will let me from doing the will of my friend."

"Why then," he said, "Iseult, may God reward you."

Their horses went abreast and he drew her towards him with his arm.

"Friend," said Iseult, "hear my last prayer: you will leave this land, but wait some days; hide till you know how the King may treat me, whether in wrath or kindness, for I am afraid. Friend, Orri the woodman will entertain you hidden. Go you by night to the abandoned cellar that you know and I will send Perinis there to say if anyone misuse me."

"Friend, none would dare. I will stay hidden with Orri, and if any misuse you let him fear me as the Enemy himself."

Now the two troops were near and they saluted, and the King rode a bow-shot before his men and with him Dinas of Lidan; and when the Barons had come up, Tristan, holding Iseult's palfrey by the bridle, bowed to the King and said:

"O King, I yield you here Iseult the Fair, and I summon you, before the men of your land, that I may defend myself in your court, for I have no judgment. Let me have trial at arms, and if I am conquered, burn me, but if I conquer keep me by you, or, if you will not, I will be off to some far country."

But no one took up Tristan's wager, and the King, taking Iseult's palfrey by the bridle, gave it to Dinas, and went apart to take Counsel.

Dinas, in his joy, gave all honor and courtesy to the Queen, but when the felons saw her so fair and honored as of old, they were stirred and rode to the King, and said:

"King, hear our counsel. That the Queen was slandered we admit, but if she and Tristan re-enter your court together, rumour will revive again. Rather let Tristan go apart awhile. Doubtless some day you may recall him."

And so Mark did, and ordered Tristan by his Barons to go off without delay.

Then Tristan came near the Queen for his farewell, and as they looked at one another the Queen in shame of that assembly blushed, but the King pitied her, and spoke his nephew thus for the first time:

"You cannot leave in these rags; take then from my treasury gold and silver and white fur and grey, as much as you will."

"King," said Tristan, "neither a penny nor a link of mail. I will go as I can, and serve with high heart the mighty King in the Lowlands."

And he turned rein and went down towards the

sea, but Iseult followed him with her eyes and so long as he could yet be seen a long way off she did not turn.

Now at the news of the peace, men, women and children, great and small, ran out of the town in a crowd to meet Iseult, and while they mourned Tristan's exile they rejoiced at the Queen's return.

And to the noise of bells, and over pavings strewn with branches, the King and his counts and princes made her escort, and the gates of the palace were thrown open that rich and poor might enter and eat and drink at will.

And Mark freed a hundred of his slaves, and armed a score of squires that day with hauberk and with sword.

But Tristan that night hid with Orri, as the Queen had counselled him.

IV.

THE ORDEAL BY IRON.

Denoalen, Andret and Gondoin held themselves safe; Tristan was far over sea, far away in service of a distant king, and they beyond his power. Therefore, during a hunt one day, as the King rode apart in a glade where the pack would pass, and hearkening to the hounds, they all three rode towards him, and said:

"O King, we have somewhat to say. Once you condemned the Queen without judgment and that was wrong; now you acquit her without judgment and that is wrong. She is not quit by trial, and the barons of your land blame you both. Counsel her, then, to claim the ordeal in God's judgment, for since she is innocent, she may swear on the relics of the saints and hot irons will not hurt her. For so custom runs, and in this easy way are doubts dissolved."

But Mark answered:

"God strike you, my Cornish lords, how you hunt my shame! For you have I exiled my nephew, and now what would you now? Would you have me drive the Queen to Ireland too? What novel complaints have you to plead? Did not Tristan offer you battle in this matter? He offered battle to clear the Queen forever: he offered and you heard him all. Where then were your lances and your shields?"

"Sire," they said, "we have counselled you loyal counsel as lieges and to your honour; henceforward we hold our peace. Put aside your anger and give us your safeguard."

But Mark stood up in the stirrup and cried:

"Out of my land, and out of my peace, all of you! Tristan I exiled for you, and now go you in turn, out of my land!"

But they answered:

"Sire, it is well. Our keeps are strong and fenced, and stand on rocks not easy for men to climb."

And they rode off without a salutation.

But the King (not tarrying for huntsman or for hound but straight away) spurred his horse to Tintagel; and as he sprang up the stairs the Queen heard the jangle of his spurs upon the stones.

She rose to meet him, and took his sword as she was wont, and bowed before him, as it was also her wont to do; but Mark raised her, holding her hands; and when Iseult looked up she saw his noble face in just that wrath she had seen before the faggot fire.

She thought that Tristan was found, and her heart grew cold, and without a word she fell at the King's feet.

He took her in his arms and kissed her gently till she could speak again, and then he said:

"Friend, friend, what evil tries you?"

"Sire, I am afraid, for I have seen your anger."

"Yes, I was angered at the hunt."

"My lord, should one take so deeply the mischances of a game?"

Mark smiled and said:

"No, friend; no chance of hunting vexed me, but those three felons whom you know; and I have driven them forth from my land."

"Sire, what did they say, or dare to say of me?"

"What matter? I have driven them forth."

"Sire, all living have this right; to say the word they have conceived. And I would ask a question, but from whom shall I learn save from you? I am alone in a foreign land, and have no one else to defend me."

"They would have it that you should quit yourself by solemn oath and by the ordeal of iron, saying that God was a true judge, and that as the Queen was innocent, she herself should seek such judgment as would clear her forever." This was their clamour and their demand incessantly. But let us leave it, I tell you, I have driven them forth."

Iseult trembled, but looking straight at the King, she said:

"Sire, call them back; I will clear myself by oath. But I bargain this: that on the appointed day you call King Arthur and Lord Gawain, Girflet, Kay the Seneschal, and a hundred of his knights to ride to the Sandy Heath where your land marches with his, and a river flows between; for I will not swear before your Barons alone, lest they should demand some new thing, and lest there should be no end to my trials. But if my warrantors, King Arthur and his knights, be there, the Barons will not dare dispute the judgment."

But as the heralds rode to Carduel, Iseult sent to Tristan secretly her squire Perinis; and he ran through the underwood, avoiding paths, till he found the hut of Orri, the woodman, where Tristan for many days had awaited news. Perinis told him all; the ordeal, the place and the time, and added:

"My lord, the Queen would have you on that day and place come dressed as a Pilgrim, so that none may know you—unarmed, so that none may challenge—to the Sandy Heath. She must cross the river to the place appointed. Beyond it, where Arthur and his hundred knights will stand, be you also; for my lady fears the judgment, but she trusts in God."

Then Tristan answered:

"Go back, friend Perinis, return you to the Queen, and say that I will do her bidding."

And you must know that as Perinis went back to Tintagel he caught sight of that same woodman who had betrayed the lovers before, and the woodman, as he found him, had just dug a pitfall for wolves and for wild boars, and covered it with leafy branches to hide it, and as Perinis came near the woodman fled, but Perinis drove him, and caught him, and broke his staff and his head together, and pushed his body into the pitfall with his feet.

On the appointed day King Mark and Iseult, and the Barons of Cornwall, stood by the river; and the knights of Arthur and all their host were arrayed beyond.

And just before them, sitting on the shore, was a poor pilgrim, wrapped in his cloak and hood, who held his wooden platter and begged alms.

Now as the Cornish boats came to the shoal of the further bank, Iseult said to the Knights:

"My lords, how shall I land without befouling my clothes in the river-mud? Fetch me a ferryman."

And one of the knights hailed the pilgrim, and said:

"Friend, truss your coat, and try the water; carry you the Queen to shore, unless you fear the burden."

But as he took the Queen in his arms she whispered to him:

"Friend."

And then she whispered to him, lower still:

"Stumble you upon the sand."

And as he touched the shore, he stumbled, holding the Queen in his arms; and the squires and boatmen with their oars and boat-hooks drove the poor pilgrim away.

But the Queen said:

"Let him be; some great travail and journey has weakened him."

And she threw to the pilgrim a little clasp of gold.

Before the tent of King Arthur was spread a rich Nicean cloth upon the grass, and the holy relics were set on it, taken out of their covers and their shrines.

And round the holy relics on the sword stood a guard, more than a king's guard, for Lord Gawain, Girflet, and Kay the Seneschal kept ward over them.

The Queen having prayed God, took off the jewels from her neck and hands, and gave them to the beggars around; she took off her purple mantle, and her overdress, and her shoes with their precious stones, and gave them also to the poor that loved her.

She kept upon her only the sleeveless tunic, and then with arms and feet quite bare she came between the two Kings, and all around the Barons watched her in silence, and some wept, for near the holy relics was a brazier burning.

And trembling a little she stretched her right hand towards the bones and said: "King of Logres and of Cornwall; my lords Gawain, and Kay and Girflet, and all of you that are my warrantors, by these holy things and all the holy things of earth, I swear that no man has held me in his arms saving King Mark, my lord, and that poor pilgrim. King Mark, will that oath stand?"

"Yes, Queen," he said, "and God see to it."

"Amen," said Iseult, and then she went near the brazier, pale and stumbling, and all were silent. The iron was red, but she thrust her bare arms among the coals and seized it, and bearing it took nine steps.

Then, as she cast it from her, she stretched her arms out in a cross, with the palms of her hands wide open, and all men saw them fresh and clean and cold. Seeing that great sight the Kings and the Barons and the people stood for a moment silent, then they stirred together and they praised God loudly all around.

(To be Continued.)

The Rise of Beer

EACH year the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue bears witness to the increasing popularity of malt liquor as a beverage in the United States and the coincident falling off in the amount of spirituous liquors consumed. In the fiscal year ended with June, 49,459,000 barrels of beer were consumed, an increase of 1,251,000 barrels over the previous twelvemonth. In the same period the quantity of distilled spirits withdrawn for consumption was 116,143,000 gallons, or 704,000 gallons less than in 1903-04. Beer has the call, despite the popularity of "long" drinks containing an ounce or so of whiskey to a tumbler of water. A growing understanding of the dangers of even moderate indulgence in "hard" liquor and an increasing tendency on the part of employers to demand practical abstinence from drink among their employes account for the present demand for comparatively innocuous drinks and the decrease in the sales of the more powerful stimulants.

A very large number of the wage earners in America by the terms of their contracts with their employers are bound to abstain from intoxicants, keep out of saloons and lead lives of temperance and sobriety. This number is increasing annually as corporations realize the danger involved in committing important tasks to men with fuddled minds. Competition carries on a temperance crusade of its own, for the drinking man learns that he is not as valuable to his employer as his non-drinking shopmate. When the time comes to lay off a portion of the working force, the total abstainer is not the first to go. His work may be done no better than that of the others, but he is more dependable and thus more valuable to his employer.

Public drunkenness is comparatively rare in all the cities of America to-day among all classes of

society. James Dalrymple of Glasgow, speaking of his recent trip to this country, mentioned the absence of drunken men from the streets of Chicago as something that attracted his attention and roused his admiration throughout his stay here. The spectacle of a drunken workingman is one rarely presented in any community nowadays. It is not necessary to hark back to pre-Revolutionary times to find a time when different conditions prevailed. The figures supplied by the Internal Revenue Commissioner merely confirm a fact of general observation. Beer drives out hard drink. Moderation and temperance are supplanting excess in the use of liquors.

New York Sun.

The Chaplet

By Witter Bynner.

WHEN I came home at evening
With flowers in my hand,
And on my head a chaplet
From an enchanted land,
Not one of those that pass'd me
Appear'd to understand.

They thought that like the others
I wore a hat, and went
As prosy on the sidewalk
As one collecting rent—
They knew not who had kissed me
Nor all the matter meant.

Kindly Caricatures

(15) F. Louis Soldan

SCHOOL opens in St. Louis next week, and here's the czar of the local school system—Mr. F. Louis Soldan. In the main, I should say, a benevolent autocrat. There is a well defined trace of Germanic martinetry in his manner and method, but one must be sensitive in order to discover it. To a superficial observer, Mr. Soldan is sheathed in velvet and exudes vaseline. His soft, suave manner is but a disguise of his strength. He has his way. He doesn't go through a thing that opposes him. He gets around it by getting around someone.

The Board of Education is a large and respectable machine to work this man's will. He handled boodle boards with deftness, but he wearied. He laid his lines to change the character of the board. All in the quiet he fomented a popular storm, a demand for a new board. The people arose and fumed and raged and exploded. Eminent citizens were put out into the light to lead the movement. They didn't know it, but Soldan forced them as a prestidigitateur forces the card he wishes upon a man in the audience. He soothed and smoothed the practical politicians. He wanted a non-partisan board—for the sake of their little ones. He appealed acutely to the innate nobility and decency of the politicians who were supposed to have neither. He played on the vanity of the cultured respectables. Finally he had them all together. They wanted a new, a perfect, an ideal board. How were they to get it? Mr. Soldan had his plan ready, and the bill for the Legislature embodying the plan. The people clamored for it. The bill passed. When it emerged a law, behold you! Soldan was the boss of the board. All the great body could do was ratify his recommendations as to teachers, as to discipline, as to text books. He is the master of almost all that in connection with the schools which may be called spoils.

This was the neat trick of a man who in his day chopped rarefied logic with William T. Harris, now National Commissioner of Education; Thomas Davidson, the most learned man in the world; Denton J. Snider, famous as a Hellenist; Gov. Brockmeyer,

the one man who could obfuscate Hegelian logic into greater obfuscation by his elucidations. Mr. Soldan was a Platonist. He interpreted Dante. He apprehended Spinoza. He comprehended, Fichte. I don't know that he ever has lectured on Machiavelli, but if he hasn't, he should, for he is a Machiavelli in all expediency which does not ignore utterly the moral law. And all so softly he sussurated his philosophy, so smoothly, with just the suspicion of an accent Teutonic, which gave him charm. He never was assertive, always ingratiating. He was a man of method, and method, and yet again method. A politician withal. There were cabals in the schools in those days, but Soldan was never in them. He had friends in all parties, and no one dreamed he ever thought of anything but the text books and the exalted speculations of Plato, the divine. He was a good teacher. Then suddenly—bing! A practical politician board erupted into a riot one day, and out of the snarl and yowl and scrap emerged Soldan, superintendent of schools. This supposed student only of books loomed up as the leader of his creators. He handled educationists who said "dis" and "dat," and got elected at stuffed primaries, like an old political general. He worked them around and up and down and over, and he worked them into the position that aroused the public to demand a change. He bowed the spoilsmen out of the Board, before they knew it, and installed himself as dictator before the public quite knew it. The roster of school teachers was at his mercy. The book trust boodlers groveled before him. Never a moment did he hesitate. He just smoothed and patted the situation and the men until all restlessness and distrust vanished, and then he clutched hold. He shook the remnants of the old scheme to pieces. He built up a new system. He did it in the scientific cold-blooded manner. Nothing turned him aside. He was an educational machine.

My what a stir, a stew, a row there was! Gnashing of teeth of politicians. Raging of school teachers dislodged from soft snaps. Wails against the tyranny of system he imposed. Protests against his unprecedented idea that the teachers themselves had to study. Clamor that he was creating a personal machine. Religious resentment. Parents storming about the folderol and fiddle faddle of system. F. Louis Soldan was the pious looking, sleek, smooth, smiling center of a seethe. The Board tried to muzzle him, to hobble him, to cajole him. No good. He hypnotized the Board. The teachers threatened revolt. He only got them together, and in his fat way—there's always a fatness in his procedure—pressed home his point. Never an angry word. Never a threat. He just cowered them by his smiling insistence. Board members went at him bull fashion; that is, they started that way, but when they got to him they were as meek as you please, and he had them convinced first that they couldn't do other than what he wanted, and besides, what he wanted was right. He made concessions—unimportant ones, which he made appear important. It was not a change he wrought in the schools, it was a revolution. He subtly Germanized it, militarized it, methodized it. The teachers under him had to march in step, and, standing, beat time. They had to work at home, and no director or influential friend could boost for them. They had to work at headquarters. They had to attend lectures, make reports, go into studies aside from the routine. They didn't cuss Mr. Soldan. Their male friends did it for them; are still doing it.

But Mr. Soldan is a great educator, and the world acknowledges it. St. Louis public schools are world famous for their method, their system, their results. All educational authorities applaud the Teutonic Platonist. When he speaks or writes all experts listen and make notes. The Board of Education tells him to do things, and he does—as he sees fit. He has turned down every one of them, yet they are all his friends, and they raised his salary, and the very next day he turned them down again. Yet he does



F. LOUIS SOLDAN

Kindly Caricatures No. 15.

help a board member out with a constituent here and there. He does stick to those who stick closest to him.

He has a curious pomposity, a delicate sort of pomposity. Away down in his innards he is aware of himself, yet he is the model of suavity. This delicacy comes of his dealings with women teachers. His force is saccharine. He is convincing and propitia-

tive at once. Never does he get tangled up with himself. Nothing ruffles his large blond calm. He never seems to get out of his own bailiwick. One never hears of him in relation to anything but school work.

There's a slight glow of the Bohemian in him, but he keeps the fire banked because his position compels. Every man in the Board went into office pre-

judiced against him. He wins them all, for he knows his business, and he knows how to handle them in a way that doesn't offend, even when they know that he knows they know that he knows how to handle them. A big man, F. Louis Soldan—bigger than St. Louis will discover when it is too late. A boss, a martinet, a palaverer, a "slick one"—but a great captain of teachers!

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Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Jenny Wrenlets:

DIMPLE JOHNSON WILLS' husband has resigned from the army. Now isn't that nice and generous of Dimple's father? I suppose he will set him up in business, and I understand they are to make their permanent home in St. Louis. Lieutenant Wills is a dear, decorative sort of boy, always looked terribly swell as General Bates' aid, and stood right next when there were any World's Fair introductions to make to Mrs. Manning, or things like that, you know,—he and Dimple met at the Fair, and how on earth anybody could help falling instantly in love with Dimple is beyond my comprehension—all the Johnson girls are perfectly splendid. Mary is one of my greatest favorites—she has so much good, hard, horse sense—well, Wills was "it" from the start, and after their honeymoon they went East with General Bates, but are now back here and stopping with the Frank Johnsons, in Portland—land sakes! that house is big enough for all the Johnson girls' husbands—it is a monster—and one of the best colonial specimens in town—excepting perhaps, Robert Brookings' house facing the park, which, by the way, somebody told me lately he would like to sell, as he finds it malarious. He gets all the park vapors, and can't sit out on his front stoop in the summer evenings at all.

Dear, dear, Jane, since I wrote to you last we have been torn by a terrible scandal—and it has probably been cabled at least to the *Paris Herald*, so I will only refer incidentally—unless you should get anxious for salacious details. A whole party of well known men, Jane, and waitresses, went up the river on a launch party, and one of the best of the boys and one of the waitresses were both drowned, while all the rest, most of the men married—came home to find divorce suits ready for docket and the divvil to pay generally. Nothing has upset society so much since the Blair furore, and I don't wonder at all. The Hammar boys—Park and Percy, were two of the party—not Frank, as one of the papers had it, for Frank and lovely Mrs. Frank are at Weque, or some place up North, but the bachelor Hammars were both there, and I understand it has just about broken poor Mrs. Hammar's heart. She is such a gentle, charming woman—not at all old in her looks or her demeanor—bright and dignified, and really the sort of mother that sons could hardly help being no end proud of, and I should think that Percy and Park would be just disgusted with themselves—but, of course, they never expected to be found out. You can do most anything you want, Jane, in this world, if you don't get discovered, so the general run of people appear to think.

Berenice Clark is threatening to separate from her husband, Jane. The rumor has been floating round for some time, and I believe they are not living under the same roof, Berenice having gone home to Papa and Hinman Junior, whom she married, you know, having also gone home to papa. Nice for the papas, hey? Well, well, what is one to expect when matrimony is so lightly rushed into? Doesn't that sound fine and philosophical, Jane, and isn't it nice to moralize about other people's mistakes? You and I may go and do the same damned thing some day, and then we won't feel so fine on the moralizing question, will we? I am sorry for the Clarks, for I always thought them such a cute little couple, and both are so good looking and young and everything ought to have been on the up-grade. The Hinman Clarks are all very ardent Christian Scientists, Jane, you know. Clara is said to play the piano according to "Science and

Health"—though I never did believe that story. I don't know whether young Hinman is a "believer" or not—expect not—you find the younger members of a family usually cannot be lured into the fold so easily as the elders, who naturally have more time and fewer—er—distractions. Mr. and Mrs. Clark don't seem to be worrying much over their son and his wife's estrangement—I saw them starting off very gaily the other afternoon laden with books and keys to the Scripture, and baskets of lunch—the baskets were shoe boxes, that always give the would-be picknicker dead away—and they were much engrossed in each other's society, and apparently not worrying about a single thing. I don't believe that Mrs. Clark ever cared much for Berenice, though that may only be my fancy. I thought the little girl charming, and always will—a sweet and gentle child—and so pretty—she deserves to be well taken care of, and if they are divorced I hope she draws a better one next time. Don't you remember several years ago that Berenice was the girl whom Leone Gale was reported engaged to, and all the time he was really courting the girl he married over in Illinois somewhere. Leone was a very sly dog, and he used to go round to Berenice's hammock of an evening, after reading four letters from his Illinois fiancée, and make Berenice think the moon was made of Nile green cheese—only Papa suddenly woke up one fine evening and Leone and he

had a few words more or less emphatic, and that was the grand finale. In a few days, Jane, he and the Illinois girl were married—just to spite Berenice, only she married herself about that time.

Oh, Jane, do you remember that nice gray haired Mr. Young out in Webster or Kirkwood, or somewhere in the rhubarbs? He used to be a great golf player, and may be yet, for all I know; well, anyway, he is going to be married. Oh, yes, darling, I know he was married once, but they had some trouble of a personal kind, and his wife got a divorce, or he did—and it is all over, so far as she is concerned. But the amusing part of it is, that he is going to marry his first wife's sister. She is said to be very different—I should think he would want another variety, shouldn't you—and that everything is quite too lovely, and I'm sure I hope so, for Mr. Young, who is a splendid, dignified gentleman of quiet manner, and much respected among the architects—he is a senior in their club, I believe—certainly deserves to live "happily ever afterward." But it does take the suburbs to develop a real romance, doesn't it, dearest? Sometimes I'm right sorry I don't live in Kirkwood—sometimes.

Nobody has told you a word about Billy Orthwein's engagement, I'll bet a ginger cooky. He is

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Silverware With Our Name On Is the Best

Coffee Set . .

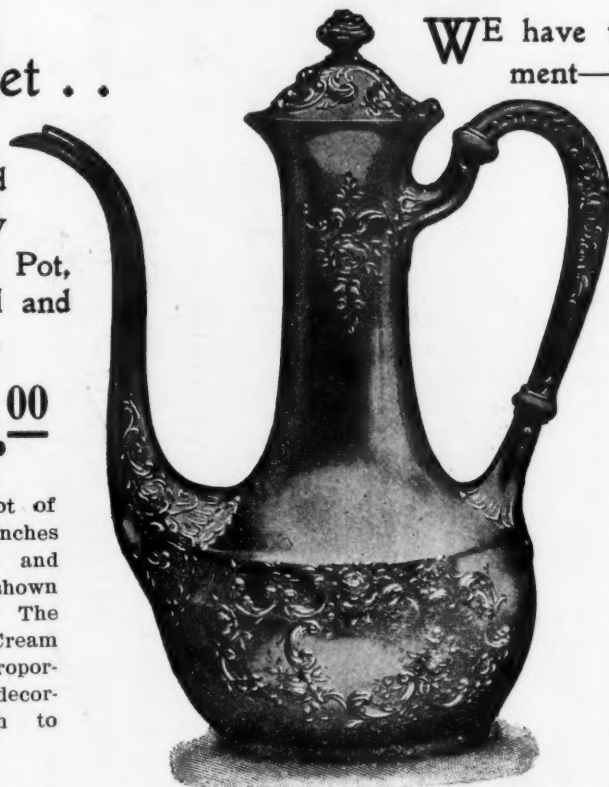
**Fine Solid
Silver richly
chased Coffee Pot,
Sugar Bowl and
Cream Pitcher.**

Three
Pieces
For

\$48.⁰⁰

THE Coffee Pot of this set is 8 inches high; the shape and decorations are shown by illustration. The Sugar Bowl and Cream Pitcher are in proportion; size, shape, decoration and finish to match.

We have other 3 piece Solid Silver Coffee Sets from \$42.00 up.



WE have the largest assortment—the greatest variety of the finest Silverware made.

TABLE WARE,
TOILET ARTICLES
AND NOVELTIES.

Pieces and sets of every description. Our name on every piece—guarantee of quality and value.

The Best
At Lowest Prices

"SILVERWARE"

A 42-page book about silverware, with illustrations, descriptions and prices of many of our choicest patterns,

Is Yours
For the Asking.

Telephone to us, write to us or call and give us your name and address; we will send it anywhere, postage prepaid.

Mermod, Jaccard & King,

Write for our large Illustrated Catalogue of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Art Wares, etc. Sent free to any out-of-town address.

Broadway, Cor. Locust.

Mail Orders are filled with the distinct understanding that if goods are not satisfactory, you may return at our expense, and we will refund your money.

going to marry some Chicago girl in the fall, and you can just believe that all of us who have been favored with a few rides in those fine machines this summer are shedding large tears. I do hate to have my beaux marry off, Jane. Their wives always dislike one so, and they are really lost forever. I heard some friend of Estelle Kupferle Pittinger bemoan the fact that when Estelle married her man from Illinois she would be gone for keeps—but really I don't think one loses girl friends half so much as men. And the worst of it is, that you can't say a word, it is so meet and right that they shouldn't even remember the fun they've had. Golly! Jane, I'm never, never going to get married at all. It's too—stifling to ambition.

Mother had a letter from Mrs. Alex. Cochran last week, saying that they had enjoyed the German baths very much all summer. Mrs. Cochran is such a charming woman—one of the rare ones. Sometimes, Jane, I think I'll write a story about the unknown wives of well known men—and I'll put Mrs. Cochran among the first. She is so cultured, so delightfully companionable, and so thoroughly a woman who is broad-minded and interesting. Hardly anybody knows her except the very few that she sees daily—she has grown a trifle deaf the last few years, and this rather handicaps her sociability, but for good looks and general charm, I don't think there is her equal in the town.

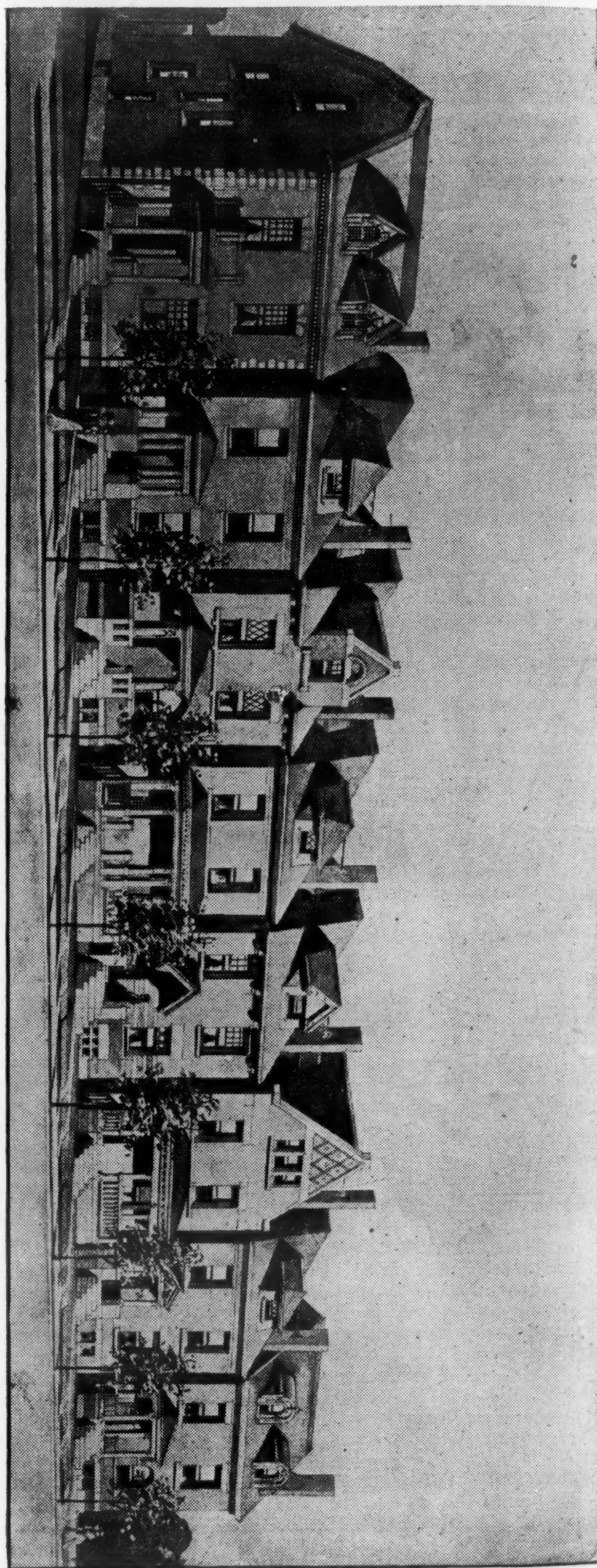
Another woman, hardly known except in a Wednesday club circle, of rather small dimensions, is Mrs. William Trelease, wife of the Shaw's Garden professor of plants. There is almost no woman her equal in the city, when you take into consideration a college education, a general domesticity, and an intense interest to keep in touch with things. Mrs. Trelease showed what really good stuff she is made of when those terrible women's clubs and things met here during the Fair and afterwards. She is a Wednesday Club woman, tho not one of great aggressiveness, but she threw open the Gardens and gave of her bounty to the largest extent possible, and those fearful and wonderful club women came, saw, and imposed. With all her manifold interests, Mrs. Trelease is the mother of five children—doesn't Roosevelt's heart gladden when he thinks of her—she and Mrs. George Carpenter always fill me with enthusiasm—they are such fine women, and one never hears of them in the daily papers or any where else—they really hide their lights under several bushels, and don't care a bit, either. Mrs. Carpenter is one of the cleverest women in town—they live in a beautiful mansion on Russell avenue, but are not the least bit society, and seldom entertain, except in a very quiet "dinner" way, when they gather about them the very best people in the city—I mean by that, the most intellectual, the ones who are really worth while—but they have perfect oodles of money, and yet, when you see Mrs. C. you would never suspect it, for she dresses very simply, and wears the plainest of clothes—plain living and high thinking, my dear.

Oh, Jane, we're not all on the parachute plane, you can bet your bottom dollar. We really have a lot of people who never get into the society columns, and who not only have money, but culture, and whose society is quite worth while—they keep pretty well isolated, however, and have to be dug out of their holes, or we'd never find them, my dear.

Mrs. William Hardaway is one. She is the wife of the famous specialist, you know, or possibly you don't, having been abroad so long, and she is a wonder. She has been the biggest foundation stone in the Woman's Club ever since it started, and they wouldn't know how to keep house without her—she tends to the money matters, so I understand, and the club is splendid in its financial showing, all owing to her engineering. She holds several other important positions in the Morning Choral and the Un-

We offer these beautiful 9-room residences, Nos. 1212 to 1234 Clara avenue, between Page boulevard and Etzel avenue Erected under contract by the HIRAM LLOYD BLDG. AND CONTRACT CO. No better built houses in St. Louis. A rare chance to buy a home on easy terms. Take page avenue car, get off at Clara avenue, see the houses, then call at room 803 Odd Fellows' Building for particulars.

Triangle Realty Company, Owners.



Nugent's Boys' School Clothing

FREE WATCHES!—We want every boy to be at school on time. From now till school opens we will give with every Suit bought for \$5.00 or more, a genuine Yankee Watch, warranted for one year.

Boys' Caps—Made of all-wool cassimeres, worsteds and cheviots—new golf shapes—silk lined—worth 50c—School Sale
Price25c

Boys' Knee-Pants Suits—Of fine all-wool cassimeres, cheviots and worsteds—in single and double-breasted styles—handsome mixtures in dark and medium shades—suitable for fall and winter wear—good clothes for either school or dress wear—were sold at \$6.50 and \$7.50—School Sale
Price\$4.95

Boys' Knee-Pants Suits—All-wool cheviot and cassimeres, in fancy mixtures—double-breasted styles—medium weights—just right for early fall wear—a good, durable school suit—were \$4.00 and \$5.00—in this School Sale at\$2.95

Boys' Combination Suits—Consisting of coat and two pairs of pants—coat made double-breasted style—pants made with double seat and knees—strictly all wool cassimeres and cheviots, in fancy mixtures—weight just right for early school wear—regular price is \$5.00—the entire outfit in this School Sale for.....\$3.95

Boys' Knee Pants—"Nugents' Special" indestructible wool Knee Pants,—made with double seat and knees and extra taped seams—very strong and serviceable school pants—fancy mixtures or plain blue—School Sale Price 50c

Youths' Long Pants Suits—Of cheviots and cassimeres—guaranteed strictly all wool—made up of the newest fall, single or double-breasted styles, and trimmed in first-class manner; \$12.50 values, for only\$8.50

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co., Broadway, W ashington Ave. and St. Charles Stre et.

ion Musical clubs, and has so cleverly managed the finances of the latter that they have a bank account of hundreds, Jane, and are thinking of building a club house. She was Lucy Page, Jane, and come of a splendid old family. She and the doctor are in Europe this summer, taking their first real vacation in a decade.

Another woman of whom the town hears little is Mrs. Jordan Lambert. You know the Lambert boys are all so rich that they don't have to ask for leniency in any single particular, but Jordan is the one who made a real romantic marriage, and his wife is a jewel. Ten years ago—perhaps not quite that much, but a good many years, nevertheless—Jordan Lambert was a young man, rather sentimental in his tastes, very musically inclined, and with more money than he knew how to spend. He was lonesome, too, and sort of mooned around, not given to hunting friends, and with his time heavy on his hands. One day, quite by accident, he met a Miss Smith—a charming woman, a trifle older than himself, with pronounced music tastes, a thorough piano knowledge, and an ease and aplomb that set the rather shy young man thoroughly comfortable in a minute. She lived with her mother and sisters somewhere down in South St. Louis, and she liked the Lambert person from the start. He got into the habit of going down to her house to talk over music matters, and to get points on the new piano compositions—he played a little himself—and before long—habit, dear Jane, is everything—if you ever make up your mind to marry an individual of the male persuasion, first get him into the habit of—well, most anything, seeing you hourly, taking his meals with you, coming to call every afternoon at five thirty, and most important, bringing you chocolates on Saturdays at eight fifteen—well, Jordan got the habit, and he never has gotten over it, much to his own comfort and well-being. They were married not long after, and they are one of the married couples who live fashionable lives and of whom one never hears, because there is nothing but ordinary humdrum happiness of a superior quality to record—and happiness doesn't interest us, who like a varied menu.

Some of these days I'm going to write you about some other wives of great St. Louis men—who don't have such unalloyed blissful times as Mrs. Cochran, Mrs. Trelease and Mrs. Lambert, but until I do, don't lie awake o' nights.

Gee! A little be-diamonded brunette woman I've noticed often on the road, the wife of a ball player, has been sued by her husband for a divorce, and a lot of our married men are threatened with exposure.

Fact is, Jen, 'twouldn't surprise me if some of our girls got in bad through stopping on the quiet at that Delmonico road-house on Manchester and the Highway, and dining in dark corners *al fresco*. A lot of 'em drop in there now and then—and the meal you get is worth the risk—at least that's what I hear tell of the place.

I asked about the Signor fiddler—Parisi—letter before last. Well, the lady who followed him to Paris, followed him back and invaded his home on Lindell Boulevard. Mrs. Parisi put the pursuing fairy out. The Signor is fairly calm, not to say clammy, judging by his appearance in the Olympic orchestra on opening night.

Mrs. Charles Joy has built a million dollar Temple of Philosophy in a California city, and the saints help us all! What have you bought for a fall tailor suit, Jane? I am crazy for something out of the ordinary. This will be about all for to-day.

Affy yours, BLUE JAY.

The Last Daisy

By George Carey

ALL dusty faced, beside the lane,
That winds along the upland wold—
Where sky and earth are blue and gold,
She sways, last of the daisy chain
That girdled hill and dale and dune
Throughout the mad sweet days of June.

Fled are her gladsome, wayward moods,
Yet see her bravely beck and nod
To sumach and to golden rod,
Whose mystic mother, Autumn, broods
In gown of amethyst flung far
O'er wood and headland, glen and scar.

Wistfully toward the dying sun,
Look how she yearns in piteous plea
For one last kiss, ere vale and lea,
Swathed in the shroud that dusk has spun,
In misty lowlands, fade from sight
And frosts creep shuddering down the night.

Like to some dwarfed and withered child,
Born when her parents' youth has flown,
She droops unwelcome, pale and lone,
Dreaming of dead springs, of the wild
Lush meadows where her sisters swung
Ten million strong when June was young.

Every Woman

KNOWS THE VALUE OF GOOD BREAD,
And knows, too, that good bread is impossible without good flour. There are many brands of flour of varying quality, but the flour you can depend upon always is the "ULTIMATE" Brand. "ULTIMATE" best patent flour is made from selected wheat, and contains the highest percentage of the nourishing, health-giving elements. You and your family will enjoy delightful, wholesome bread every day if you will only remember, and insist on having

"Ultimate" Flour

ALL LIVE GROCERS SELL IT.
A Cook Book Free on Application.

Regina Flour Mill Co.

Queen Edaine

By William Butler Yeats

FIRST MUSICIAN.

WHY is it," Queen Edaine said,
"If I do but climb the stair
In the tower over head,
When the winds are calling there,
Or the gannets calling out
In waste places of the sky,
There's so much to think about
That I cry, that I cry?"

SECOND MUSICIAN.

But her good man answered her
"Love would be a thing of naught
Had not all his limbs a stir
Born out of immoderate thought,
Were he anything by half,
Were his measures running dry.
Lovers if they may not laugh
Have to cry, have to cry."

September McClure's.

Letters From the People

INDIGNANT CHAUFFEUR.

St. Louis, August 24, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

What do you know about chauffeurs, with your spiel last week about the Mayor's man, Charlie Newland? Did you ever ride behind or alongside of Zack Tinker's pickaninny chauffeur? Till you have, don't air your ignorance. Chauffeurs, indeed. Lacy Crawford had the best and paid more than anybody for that kind of service. The Spencers, Corwin pere and Harlow fils are now the best pay, not perhaps in regular salary, but in tips of \$5 and \$10 after especially satisfactory spurts. Ed. Paramount has the most learned chauffeur. He speaks English, French, German, Lemp and Anheuser-Busch. You speak of Billy Miltenberger as a speed-eater. He is not on the level. He uses dope on his tours, puts booze in the benzine; that's just like putting a shot of cocaine into a horse before a race. Gussie Busch's chauffeur has the best time of anybody. He lives in a brewery. Pete Wilson's chauffeur too, is away up in the paint cards. I could tell you lots. Then again you roast in your paper chauffeurs for taking out machines when the owners don't know it. Why not? Don't they need limbering up like a horse, and would you have us deprived of taking our girls for a spin when the boss is in bed or out of town. Maybe us chauffeurs would be let to do this, if we'd tell about the times owners has machines out with people in 'em who shouldn't be, and we are expected to close our face. You make me tired.

CHAUFFEUR.

A SYNDICATE.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Who is the managing editor of the Republic? Please answer to settle a bet.

READER.

(The managing editor of the Republic isn't a man, but a syndicate, composed of David R. Francis, Sam Adler, Hugh O'Donnell, Louis Cella, Ford

St. Louis' Leading Confectionery Store.

When you were engaged
THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF

Kuyler's

ALMOST DAILY—
HOW OFTEN DOES
YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE
A BOX OF THESE
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?

REPENT AND MAIL YOUR
ORDERS, AT SHORT INTERVALS, TO
Kuyler's 716 OLIVER STREET
ST. LOUIS

EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALESAGENTS EVERYWHERE.
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS.

Combes, Capt. C. A. Tilles, "Swipes" Mulligan of the Third ward, Larry Kavanaugh, Chris Von der Ahe, and a few others.—ED. MIRROR.

CHILDREN'S PLAYS.

Tacoma, Wash., August 21, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I am interested in preparing plays for presentation at convents, academic social gatherings, etc. I want some nice little playlets for children. Where will I get them?

TEACHER.

("Six Fairy Plays for Children," by Netta Syrett, (John Lane, N. Y.) will supply the beginning of a repertoire of such plays. Any publisher will supply a list of similar plays.—ED. MIRROR.)

A LIAR.

St. Louis, August 25th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

A Fourth street broker says that your "Stock Market" articles each week are a knock on home securities for a purpose. Is there any thing to say in answer?

SUBURBAN.

(Only that the "Fourth street broker" referred to is a liar.—ED. MIRROR.)

AN EIGHTH.

St. Louis, August 23, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Will you permit me, without prejudice to call your attention to a common error? In your article "One Gallus or Two Gallus Quoits," you speak of an "eighth of a keg of beer." A keg of beer is a quarter of a barrel, an eighth of a keg would therefore be about one gallon, thirty-one gallons in a barrel. An eighth of beer is one-eighth of a barrel or one-half of a keg.

Yours truly,

BREWER.

(Humbled in the dust we acknowledge our unaccountable error. No one should make such a mistake in this beer town. But it only shows how memory lapses. The lid is working great disaster to mortal mind in this town, when one can make such slips of the pen about such a vital subject.—ED. MIRROR.)

HOCH DER CHAMP.

St. Louis, August 25, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Who was it said, save me from my fool friends? Now I am a friend of "our only Champ of Missouri." I should also like to assure you I hope I am not of the fool kind. I know you are not running the politics of Missouri, though you are a man of some weight—and I don't mean this physically, only. Would you allow me to whisper in the ear of the MIRROR, anent your "Halcyon Politics in Missouri," that if the popular choice is not side-tracked, the Marcus Aurelius, of Bowling Green will be vested with the Senatorial toga, when it will be laid aside by our very able senior Senator, Mr. Stone. Why? All Senators are honorable men, that goes without saying; but "Our Champ" is "long" on this.

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

Broadway, Olive, Locust.

Interior Decorations and Furnishings.

If you contemplate furnishing a home or a single room, let us show you schemes for decorations.

An assembling of Wall decorations, hangings and furniture, before starting, gives a very definite idea of the general effect of the work, when finished.

Satisfactory results do not always depend on the amount of money spent on the furnishings, but on the taste of the decorator, and on his ability to combine the several parts and evolve a harmonious whole.

We give all work intrusted to us the most careful supervision, thus insuring the best results attainable.

Give us an opportunity of showing you color schemes and materials and estimating on your work.



LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST

RESTAURANT

IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining
Rooms and Several Smaller
Rooms for Private Dinner
Parties.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive Sts.

Music by Vogel's Orchestra every evening.

SPECIAL AFTER
THEATER SERVICE.MUSIC FROM NOON
TO MIDNIGHT.

LAUGHLIN CATERING CO.

N. D. LAUGHLIN, MANAGER,
FORMERLY OF MISSOURI ATHLETIC CLUB.

N. E. COR. 7TH AND LOCUST STS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

COLONIAL CAFE

Grand and Franklin

Society's Resort for parties and after-theater supper and lunches. Music and the best of service. * * *

Under management of Frank John, formerly of Waldorf-Astoria and Sherry's, N. Y. * * *

He has proven his ability even to those of his political opponents. He has never placed himself where the least shadow of suspicion or graft could touch him. He has ignored offers of people who sought his legal services "in a perfectly legitimate way" while holding his present position. He has received no \$100,000 fees from corporations for services rendered that might hamper his voting in Congress. He has not only the respect of all political parties and followers, but he has the love of all who know him. Let us hope that our next Democratic legislature, by unanimous vote, will say: "Friend Champ, please step up higher among your peers—where you belong—and long life to you!"

CHAMP'S FRIEND.

✦

AN ANTI-LIDSTER'S KICK.

St. Louis, Aug. 26, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I see Gov. Folk and some other extremists on the Sunday closing question are trying to floor the opponents of the lid with their figures showing a decrease of crime since the lid went on in St. Louis. Of course, for the sake of argument, we'll admit the lid is on (but it isn't), but that's all I will admit. The lid may decrease crime here, but it creates a corresponding increase wherever our thirsty crowds go on their outings. And this is not the spirit of law or Christianity—that one community should better itself at the expense of another. The fact of the matter is, this lid is a costly thing, both morally and commercially, to St. Louis. Every Sunday no fewer than 50,000 persons leave St. Louis, and not one spends less than \$3 on his or her outing. This is \$150,000 taken in a lump out of the city, never to return, and we have no incursions to offset it because of the detestable blue law. What's the consequence? These 50,000 persons pass up the church idea every Sunday and gradually are becoming what the Christians call heathens. Of the money they spend away from here the church loses its share, and it is no small loss. And the character of some of the outings arranged for them is worse than the saloons or any of the other evils the reformers have been inveighing against. The number of drownings and fatal accidents has also been increased by this enforced exodus every Sunday, and there's no telling the extent and magnitude of the other evils consequent thereto. But what's the use revealing all this—you can't change the opinion of prejudiced people. They can't see they are driving money out of St. Louis, and irreligion and immorality into the people.

THAT'S ALL.

✦

COL. KERENS AND THE BEER.

Norborne, Mo., Aug. 28.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I see that Col. Kerens has gone to Europe wearing "the white flower of a flawless life," to quote Archbishop Glennon on the occasion that Star Route Dick was decorated with a Notre Dame medal. (By the way, when Notre Dame honors Star Route Dick, it's in a class

beneath Harper's Chicago University in taking Rockefeller's money, because Rockefeller never was in a government-robbing contract game). S. R. Dick is saying beer interests beat him for the senate. He is ingenious, but not ingenuous. Kerens isn't the kind of man this State will send to the Senate. He has persistently kept alive a religious acerbity in politics, clamoring that he was intrigued against as a Catholic, everlastingly dragging the church into politics until people sickened of his use of the church to boost his own interests. He hurt the church more than ever he helped it. This soured Catholics on him and made him ridiculous to Protestants. He never did anything for his party. Whatever money he put up was put up only in districts where he thought he could get a legislative vote for Senator. He built himself up in Washington through his railroad pull in New York. Nineteen out of twenty delegates at Republican conventions in this State didn't know him when they saw him. He got his strength solely because his big railroad friends in the East sent out orders to their Missouri lobbyists and cow-owners to help him. They helped—but when it came time to really land him they couldn't stand for such an ignorant light-weight for such an office, and they quit. Phelps quit. Carroll quit. Parker quit. Clardy quit. Kerens was impossible. Even those clergymen whom he supposed, without warrant, willing to pull for him, quit. He was subterraneously pushing his religion strongly into a place where it had no business as an issue. Star Route Dick is a small fry politician, and he shows it in nothing more than in his fool slap at Senator Warner and the beer interests.

AN AMERICAN ROMAN CATHOLIC.

✦

A SMOKE CONSUMER.

St. Louis, Aug. 28, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Is there a smoke consumer that consumes smoke without burning money at the same time? B. L. D.

(There is. It is known as the Hydro-Carbon System, by which not only is smoke prevented, but fuel is saved and power increased. It can be put on a furnace for a very small sum. It fits to any type of boiler. It is a patented door apparatus, substituted for the ordinary fire door, which forms an induced draft, supplies free oxygen to the carbon, and produces complete combustion. The manufacturers have a branch office in St. Louis. The invention is simple in the extreme.—ED. MIRROR.)

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Theatricals

There is much to please and not a little to regret in Richard Carle's new musical comedy, "The Mayor of Tokio" which served to open the season at the Olympic. But it is good entertainment and that suffices. What faults there are, may be said to lie in Mr. Carle's idea of the humorous. He has humor and grotesque badly mixed. His work is a blend of the slapstick comedian's and the clown's, but there's no gain-saying the fact that it provokes many to laughter. And after all, why be serious when dealing with a musical comedy. There's one thing, there are several in fact, for which we can thank Mr. Carle, even though we condemn his comedy. He has surrounded himself with some really clever assistants, who give promise of overshadowing him before the season closes. One of these is the delightfully clever, Miss Emma Janvier, who will be remembered as the rival of Blanche Ring, in the comic parts of "Vivian's Papas," last season. Miss Janvier's part in the new Carle show-piece though limited, in scope, gives her opportunity to show how uncommonly good a comedienne she is. She plays the part of wardrobe keeper of an opera company that has stranded in the capital of Nippon. She is very pert, and deserving of the rounds of applause she has been receiving.

Then there is Mr. Garvie, who is very amusing as the *Mayor of Tokio*, and one William Rock, who shows to excellent advantage in the minor part of the rough comedian of the stranded opera company, and Miss Minerva Courtney, whose work is exceptionally wholesome, as *Birdie Talcum*, the sou-brette of this same unfortunate theatrical organization.

In the way of vocal entertainment, Miss Hortense Mazurette's rich, natural, though untrained contralto voice quickly finds favor with the audience. Her notes and words are heard distinctly above the voices of the chorus, which by the way, is one of the catchy adjuncts of the show—full of good looks and song.

As to the piece itself, it is a trifle rough as yet, but ere the week is over, will be running more smoothly. It is admirably staged, the scene painters, costumers, electricians, every artisan, in fact, having exhausted their ingenuity to produce startling effects and please the eye. The music is of the bright and chipper variety—plentiful and tuneful. In short, "The Mayor of Tokio" is first-class entertainment, if anything, a trifle of an improvement on the musical comedy.

And a word as to the theater—Manager Short has the Olympic looking like new within. The decorations have been done with an artistic touch. And the new curtain is as fine as any in the country.

P. Aug. Anderson is doing some excellent character acting at the Imperial, this week, in "The Curse of Drink." Mr. Anderson's portrayal of a drunkard in the delirium tremens' stage of inebriety, is done to a nicety, a realistic performance. The play abounds with exciting climaxes in the principal one of which a full-sized locomotive in charge of a drunken engineer, is presented, bearing down at full speed, upon a young girl, bound to the rails. Her rescue is effected by the hero, from his perch on the pilot.

Albert Maher as *Ki-Ram* in "The Sultan of Sulu," the Grand's opener, is showing the patrons of that theater, and the lovers of the Ade comedy, that none of his predecessors, in the part, not even the clever Moulan, has "anything on him." He is an excellent

delineator of the character, and while some Moulanisms crop out now and then in his work, there is much of originality visible also. Mr. Maher makes the most of all the old line's as well as the new ones, with which the author has supplied him, and is giving a very good and funny production. Miss Mignon Demorest, the prima donna, comes up to all expectations as *Henrietta Budd*. She is good to look upon and her voice though small, is satisfying. Her rendition of "The Kiss" and other songs, adds greatly to the excellence of the performance.

"The Gay Masqueraders" opened the season at the Gayety with success. They are presenting two funny burlesques, "Way up East," and "The Advisor." James and Lucia Cooper, hurry up conversationalists; Edith Murray, vocalist; Berry and Berry, musicians; Haverly, McRae and J. J. Black are the chief entertainers in the specialty line.

They are saving babies at Delmar garden this week. It is the *Post-Dispatch* pure milk and free ice fund benefit, and "King Dodo," that delightful musical comedy which is welcome always, is the attraction. Though it is its third visit this season, one would think, to judge from the attendance, that the show had been put on by special request. Full houses are the rule. If anything, the presentation is funnier and prettier than ever. Gus Weinberg, the inimitable, is excruciatingly funny as the rakish old monarch *Dodo*, and his assistants in the fun-making line, are as clever almost as he. They get out of their parts all that is in them, and that's doing a great deal. And one of the eye-tickling sights, a spectacle that really makes one rejoice at the return of this musical show-piece, is Eleanor Kent and her band of white-garbed soldiers, marching and counter-marching, wheeling and halting, and going through a very maze of movements and formations, the very acme of soldierly grace. A newcomer in the company is Miss Edith Yerrington, possessor of a very pretty face and a voice that is rangy and pleasing. Miss Yerrington sings effectively the part of *Angela*, the King's ward. Bertha Claus as *Queen Lil* and William Clifford as *Bonita*, the Prime Minister, add greatly to the pleasure of the performance.

The season at Forest Park Highlands is drawing to a close with eclat. The bills in Hopkins' Pavilion are as good as they were at the beginning of the season, though it is difficult now to obtain good talent. Sadi Alfarabi, an equilibrist who has no equal in this country, is the headliner. He is a Russian, whose connection with the Imperial circus of St. Petersburg was of long standing before he came to this country. There is not a season that these circus people are not obliged to get up novelties, and Alfarabi has reached the acme of ingenuity in this respect, as the paraphernalia he uses shows. The Rappo Sisters, who do a companion act to Sadi, are dancers of Russian national dances. They are clever and pretty. Flo Adler winds up her act with a fetching surprise for everybody and George Stewart, a new imitator, has given nature close attention in copying the noises and cries of beast and bird. Kherns and Cole present a German comedy act. The Igor-rotas are as interesting as ever to the vast number of persons who visit the Highlands every day. Their engagement nears its end. From here the band will go to the large State fairs in this vicinity and further West. Next week's programme at the Highlands contains six new acts.

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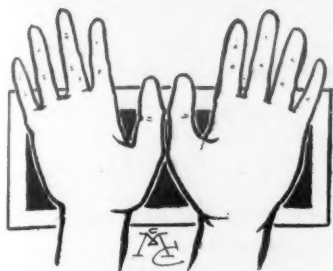
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and brilliance into the music now played at this popular resort. Stark is a Viennese, who played under Strauss and Komzack, and has made their style his own. He caught on last Sunday night in a flash, and the attendance is increasing from night to night. This week Grace van Studdiford is the soloist, delighting thousands with her beautiful voice. It will be a long time before this charming singer can be heard again at Alps' prices. A little vaudeville show in the Alps' Theater offers variety of entertainment, for those who like surcease from music for a half hour or more.

The Cherry Blossoms Company at the Standard this week presents a performance full of features. H. V. Fitzgerald in his mystifying lightning change act, Harry Woods, the warbling Hebrew impersonator, the Manhasset Quartette of singing comedians and Carlyle and Perry in a bunch of funny stunts, are among the leading entertainers. The others are also good. The show is a new one and is excellently staged.

Coming Attractions.

In giving over to public uses this season, their new theater, the Garrick, the Messrs. Shubert are proceeding according to the well-matured plan of offering as many of the big attractions as possible. For the opening, this coming Monday evening, the bill is "The Filibuster," to be presented "for the first time on any stage." "The Filibuster," with Charles E. Evans, the clever comedian, in the principal part, that of *Benton Scoops*, war correspondent, is the work of George H. Broadhurst and John P. Wilson, the score being from the versatile pen of William Loraine whose intermezzo, "Salome," is being played in all parts of the civilized world. In "The Filibuster" cast are such well-known artists as: Hallyn Mostyn, Frank Tur-

ner, Frank Lalor, Theodore Friebus, Tom Hadaway, Charles Seagreaves, Charles Dockery O. J. Vanesse, H. C. French, James Pursell, the beautiful Kate Condon, Helene Phillips, Isoble Hall, Grace Gresham, Frances Hodgson, Gwynn Meredith, Helen Allen, Helen Welsh and Gussie Chase. All the scenery and all the costumes are new, and the idea of novelty will be further borne out by the fact that the Garrick has been thoroughly renovated. The booking of this house shows that the management intend to do as much for St. Louis as for their New York houses, and will strive to make St. Louis a producing center.

At the Suburban this week, Melbourne McDowell's big company in which are assembled several actors and actresses of more than casual fame, is appearing in John Banim's classic "Damon and Pythias." The play is offered as a benefit for the local Pythian lodges. The management of the Suburban announces a supplemental season, beginning Sunday afternoon, September 3, when Richards' Juvenile minstrels hold the boards for a week including the usual matinee, daily except Monday and Friday.

On Sunday afternoon, September 3, Melbourne MacDowell and his company, now preparing for a long road tour, under the Shubert auspices, and re-inforced by the accession of Jessaline Rodgers, the talented leading woman, begin the season of four weeks at the Odeon. The company contains five leading men, actors who share with the star, the important roles in the several plays to be presented. The bill for the season includes "Antony and Cleopatra," "Gismonda," "L. Tosca," and "Virginius." In the opening matinee, Mr. MacDowell plays *Marc Antony*, Willard Blackmore has the part of *Kephron*, the slave, Charles D. Herman, plays *Demetrius*, True S. James is *Octavius*, L. Rufus Hill is *Thysus*, James Wiley the *Governor*, and, of course, Jessaline Rodgers plays *Cleopatra* a part for which by figure voice and temperament she is peculiarly fitted.

Next comes Robert Mantell to the Olympic for a week's engagement in repertoire. He will produce "Richard III," "Othello," "Hamlet," and "Richelieu," and will be supported by a good company.

Mr. Mantell is again supported by Miss Marie Booth Russell, who has been his leading lady for the past few seasons. Mr. Mantell will play "Richard III" Sunday and Monday nights; Tuesday night and Wednesday matinee, "Richelieu" will be presented when Mr. Mantell will be seen as the *Cardinal* in Bulwer Lytton's great drama; Wednesday and Thursday nights "Othello" will be the bill to be followed on Friday night and Saturday matinee by "Hamlet." The engagement will conclude on Saturday night with "Richelieu." These four plays were the most successful offerings during Mr. Mantell's recent New York engagement.

"Peggy from Paris," a breezy musical piece, comes to the Grand next week, commencing with a matinee Sunday. St. Louis theater-goers are quite familiar with this production. They have always given it good support on its visits. This season much new material and some new faces will be seen in it. The principals in the cast are: Arthur Deagan, Julia West, Clara Martin, Eva Bennett, E. H. O'Connor, Percy Bransen, T. H. Burton and T. L. Drew, all well known for their connection with the musical drama.

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dy, "The Tenderfoot," will be the attraction at the Century for a week starting with a matinee Sunday September 3d. There will be a special matinee Labor Day. The stars of the performance are Oscar L. Figman, and Ruth White, two players who have become particularly well known through their work in "The Burgomaster" and other musical productions. The music of "The Tenderfoot" is bright and swinging. The cast is a notable one, and the company large, numbering nearly seventy people. The sale of seats for "The Tenderfoot" will open Thursday.

Coming to the Imperial next week is the stirring drama, "At Piney Ridge." There is plenty of realism, lots of action, powerful climaxes, some fun and some tragedy in this piece, so that the Imperial patrons will be well pleased. A first-class company, including several good character actors, will produce the show. The engagement commences with a matinee Sunday.

"The Belle of New York," a musical show piece, which has always been well received here, will be the attraction at

Delmar Garden next week, commencing with a matinee Sunday. "The Belle of New York" is a lively musical comedy with bright and cheerful music, and lots of it, and is almost sure of a welcome reception from the Delmar patrons. That it will be ably presented goes without saying.

"The Merry Maidens" will furnish the fun and frolics at the Standard next week, commencing with a matinee Sunday afternoon. This coming show is one of the largest and best in the Standard circuit. In the company are some of the best vaudeville artists in the business. Their performance is interesting throughout. There are several comedians and clever assistant fun makers in the show, a bunch of good singers and dancers, some musicians of note on the stage, and quite a bevy of pretty girls in the chorus.

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The Stock Market

Heavy profit taking made its appearance in the Wall street market in the last few days, but it failed to make much of an impression on values. The persistent strength in steel, coal and some Western shares acted as an offset to the weakness in other quarters, and as a deterrent to active, resolute bear operations on a large scale. Pool work can be noticed in all the leading issues. It is well known that there are several well-organized cliques which are still waiting for a favorable opportunity to begin work in their specialties, having so far been unable to dazzle the yahoos of the "street" with matched orders and "wash-sales" more or less brilliantly executed.

The bearishly-inclined contingent of Wall street continues to lie low. It thoroughly appreciates the staunch fact that, for the nonce, no weighty, pressing arguments for a comprehensive raid on prices can be advanced. The bull cliques are well fortified and they are supposed, and, in various instances, known to have the earnest, effective support of powerful banking interests. But for this aid and knowledge, the market would not have risen so insistently and remarkably as it has since July, 1904. There have been a few setbacks since that time, but none of more than technic or spasmodic significance. Irrepressible, skillful manipulation and general confidence in the country's forward march in economic strength were the obvious reasons for the noteworthy movement in security prices.

This speculative movement has been, and still is, singular in its scope and character, and courting studious consideration by its momentum and objects. It has been broad and bold; it has been, at times, startling in its velocity, and then again irresistibly gradual. At this writing, the tendency seems to be still upward, but there are indications, that a sharp, downward swing cannot be far off. Realizing is beginning to assert itself in the "lenders," the advances are being sustained with difficulty in some cases, and the number of glamorously magnitudinous "deals" is again multiplying. Latterly, there have been sensational stories of new railway combinations, involving now the Western, and then the Eastern properties. According to the oracles of the "street," the Union Pacific is about to make a dicker of sensational, far-reaching extent with either the New York Central or Pennsylvania, or both. The New York Central will soon absorb the Erie, we are told by some imaginative fiction-mongers. Another would have us believe that the Harriman "gang" is buying control of the Erie. From all this, the inexperienced, credulous trader is apt to be led to the conclusion that the entire railway world of America is in fomenting, topsy-turvy condition.

This state of the speculative mind would indicate that the cliques are now disposing of some or most of their holdings as fast as circumstances will

permit. It would be fatuously foolish to assume that the parties who purchased Union Pacific, Reading, Northwestern, New York Central, St. Paul, Smelting and Steel shares at prices from thirty to sixty points below the current level are still adding to their holdings. What these people are doing at present may easily be imagined. They are manipulating prices in the most dextrous fashion, so as to facilitate and, at the same time, conceal realization sales. One of their brokers may be engaged in buying 20,000 shares of Reading in the most ostentatiously nonchalant manner, while two or three others are "feeding out" the same stock to the tune of 40,000 shares in a discreetly, inconspicuous way. Remember that, as a rule, it's the easiest thing in the world to buy or sell stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, when you are in full control of the floating supply. There are, of course, certain rules which forbid fictitious or fraudulent trading, but these rules are more honored in the breach than the observance. It's safe to predicate that about three-fourths of present-day trading in Wall street is fictitious in origin and misleading in effect.

One of the curious paradoxes of present security markets is the comparative irresponsiveness of good railway bonds to the upward movement in stocks. There's any number of these bonds selling at lower figures than in 1902. This should demonstrate that the range of prices established in that year was utterly excessive. For the present the fact remains, and is that, as stated before in these columns, one can buy choice railway bonds at more attractive prices than those quoted for "investment stocks." Lake Shore gold 3½ per cent bonds sold at 109½ in 1902; so far, the highest in 1905 has been 102, a decline of 7½ points. New York Central general 3½ per cent bonds are selling at 99½; in 1902, they sold at 109. This is a depreciation of 9½ points. Rock Island general mortgage bonds lost about 6 points, Burlington (Illinois division) 3½s lost 5¾ points, and Northwest general mortgage bonds 5½ points in value. Doesn't it seem strange that bonds of this class should have depreciated since 1902, while stocks of the better class have risen enormously? Of course, there still are a few good railway stocks, which have not as yet touched their high level of 1902. Such are St. Paul common, New York Central and Pennsylvania.

Since bond values were excessively inflated three years ago, the belief is warranted that the quotations for stocks will be advanced to an equally untenable level in 1905. All we need is a little stiffening in money rates to righten little abnormalities of this kind.

The surplus reserves of the Associated Banks are still falling. They are now only \$8,978,175 above this legal limit. A year ago, at this time, they stood at \$67,375,400. How in the face of such figures the bull movement in stocks can be continued much longer, is something difficult to explain.

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markets is sure to be profoundly influenced by unfavorable news from Portsmouth. A breaking off in peace negotiations should at once be followed by a fall in security values in Europe. In New York, the manipulators and cliques may contrive to ward off the adverse effect of another clamorous appeal to arms in Manchuria by renewed strenuous jackscrewing. A speedy establishment of peace would, in the opinion of the London *Economist*, be followed by only a moderate disturbance of interest rates. Taking a long-range view of things financial, it cannot truthfully be said that the prospects for a long continuance of cheap money are very bright.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The price movement in local securities in the past week, was uninteresting and narrow. There was a plentitude of bids and offerings, but little actual business. Would-be buyers appeared inclined to maintain their wait-and-see attitude. They see no urgent reason for hurry-up purchases. Prices of St. Louis securities, taken as a whole, are not tempting, by any means, that is, not for the present. The stocks selling at half-way reasonable prices are exceedingly few in number.

Missouri-Lincoln is selling at 146½. There was a good deal of small profit-taking latterly. Bank of Commerce rules dull at 349 asked, 348¾ bid. For Third National 330 is asked, 328¾ bid. No sales of this stock were recorded for some days. Mechanics'-American is quoted at 324 bid, 324½ asked. For Title Guaranty 70 is asked; no bids.

United Railways common is selling at 30½. For the preferred 81¼ is bid, 81½ asked. The 4 per cent bonds are selling at 87. Missouri Railway 5s are offering at 101, with 100 bid.

American Credit Indemnity sold at 174 latterly. For Kansas City Home Telephone 5s 96¼ is asked, with no bids. For Brewing 6s 100½ is bid, 100 asked, with buying orders limited.

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of 1904. Interest rates remain unchanged. Drafts on New York rose a bit. They are now 10c discount bid, 5c asked. Sterling exchange is quoted at 4.86½, Berlin at 95.12, Paris at 5.16½.

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B. L. J., Sedalia, Mo.—Consider dividend prospects on Kansas and Texas preferred excellent. Entitled to 5 per cent. Common beginning to look attractive. Would take profits on Wisconsin Central common.

Reader, Des Moines, Iowa.—Would hold Baltimore and Ohio. Pressed Steel Car common a fair speculative purchase.

L. G.—Yes, consider Suburban bonds referred to a good investment. If these do not suit you, take a Japanese Government bond, which is quoted at low figures, and may decline a little further.

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Something to Read

"The Tyranny of the Dark," by Hamlin Garland (Harpers). A story in which spiritism is the problem set for solution. The story part is good; the problem part, as usual, dull.

"The Complete Golfer," by Harry Vardon (McClure-Phillips). A book by an expert, exhaustive, but informing and enthusiastic.

"A History of Modern England," by Herbert Paul (MacMillans). Rattling history, written with a strong dash of wit and whim and personality, almost piquant.

"A Fool Errant," by Maurice Hewlett (MacMillans). A strong, dignified novel in which the fool hero is distantly modeled on the lines of a man intent to imitate the Saviour. A story of Italy with all Hewlett's color and archaisms.

"The Secret Woman," by Eden Philpotts (MacMillans). A big novel with powerful incidents and unusual motives and rich character drawing.

"Dramatists of To-Day," by Edward Everett Hale, Jr. (Henry Holt & Co.). Not up to the mark of Huneker's "Iconoclasts." Very Boston, but rather illuminative of this country's lack of drama.

"James Watt," by Andrew Carnegie, (Doubleday-Page). The Watt is poor stuff, but the Carnegie on the modern development of the steam engine is good.

The Magazines

Among other articles of interest in the "Metropolitan" for September is the story of the rise and fall of the Ku Klux Klan, the celebrated and powerful secret political organization of the South in the days of reconstruction. The article is from the pen of Thomas Dixon, Jr., and tells of the early leaders of the organization, its objects, its secret midnight meetings, and throws some new light on its motives, which were quite generally misunderstood in the North in those days. Another timely article gives a history of the progress to date in aerial navigation. It is by Count Henry De La Vaux. The usual fund of readable short stories and poems by well known writers, is also among the contents.

"McClure's" for September has a tempting spread of reading matter on a variety of topics that are close to the people. "The Strike Breaker," an illustrated article by George Randolph Chester, tells of the progress that has been made and the methods practiced in this newest American enterprise; among other interesting contributions are "A Scarlet Fever Letter," by Norvell Harrison; "The Botanist and the Machine," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow; "On Bright Angel Trail," by William Allen White; "In the Course of Justice," by Arthur Train; "Prolonging the Prime of Life," by Arthur E. McFarlane; "Gervie Zame, Gervie Door," by Jean Webster, and a characteristic poem by William Butler Yeats, entitled "Queen Edaine." Ida M. Tarbell's first installment on what the Standard Oil Company did to Kansas also appears in this number.

Ten tales of life and love, in a bunch, constitute the feature of "The Reader's," September number. There are other contributions, however, which attract attention. James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, has a poem in this issue, "I Got to Face Mother To-day," and Madison Cawein's song is of "The Heaven Born."

That the sword of populism is still bared and gory is evidenced by the editorials in "Tom Watson's Magazine" for September. The leader of populism flays the insurance swindlers, corporation corruptionists and hide-bound partisans in a fashion thoroughly up-to-date and interesting, though perhaps not altogether unbiased. In

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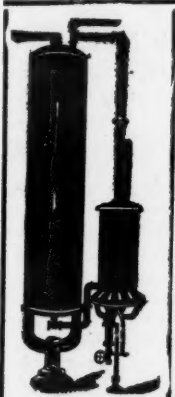
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addition there is a lot of thought inducing contributions on live topics, such as the science of insurance, public ownership, etc. John Redmond, M. P., contributes an article on the Irish Home Rule question, and there are some excellent literary features—short stories and poems—scattered through the number.

In the "American Monthly Magazine" for September appears a learned and instructive article by Charles Caffin, entitled "The Story of American Painting." The article reflects the author's familiarity with the subject, and is at once intelligible to connoisseur and layman. It is the first of a series of articles on the same topic. In addition there are a half dozen or more live short stories, and some spicy editorial comment and book reviews. "The American Mag-

azine," by the way, is this month making its appearance under its new name. For thirty years it was "Leslie's Monthly." It is an historical publication of the first-class, covering the field comprehensively.

"The Delineator" for September, in addition to its usual outlay of articles of particular interest to women, contains a number of contributions of real literary merit, as well as instructive articles on matters of every day life, the affairs of society and nature studies. Among the short stories are "The Dream of Dreams," by Cornelia Atwood Pratt, and "After Mazie's Marriage," by Elizabeth McCracken. Of the special articles concerning the household, Mary Hinman Abel's paper on "Safe Foods and How to Get Them," takes precedence.

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Butter and Oleo

Bishop Niles of New Hampshire, had a singular experience while attending the recent Episcopal convention in Boston. The bishop, who is a very tall, heavy man, was seated on one of the low settees in the public garden, and when he started to get up he found that he had great difficulty in regaining his feet. While in the midst of his struggles a wee tot of a little girl came along and offered her assistance. The bishop ceased trying to rise, and, after surveying the little girl critically, replied that she was too small to help. The little girl persisted that she could help, but the bishop was just as sure that she could not. "Well," said the little girl finally. "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he was lots drunker than you are."

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